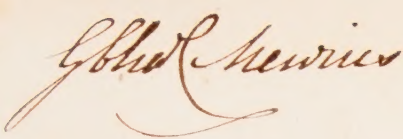

SIX WEEKS

AT

LONG'S.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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SIX WEEKS

AT

LONG'S.

BY

A LATE RESIDENT.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

"LONGO *ordine gentes.*"

LONDON:
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SIX WEEKS

AT

LONG'S.

CHAPTER IX.

THERE is nothing more true than that trades are all improving at a great rate, and gambling among the rest. Our ancestors, indeed, were accustomed to play for their amusement only, and thus gambling, with great propriety of phrase, was very significantly termed *play*. We have now improved what

was their amusement into a system. What was *play* a hundred years ago is now become *business*, and *their diversion* is become *our occupation*. Gambling is now a trade; we embark in it as in a commercial concern. We even engage in *joint companies;* partnerships are formed, and *capitals*, composed of the shares of the several members, are put into a bank, and risked in traffic.

At the head of one of these commercial companies of gamblers was Lord Yardlip, a nobleman of much notoriety. He had been included in the sweeping measure, which constituted all British subjects, found on the territory of the French republic, prisoners of war, on the rupture of the short-lived peace of Amiens.

His lordship, with the principal English, had the town of Verdun, department of the Meuse, appointed for his depôt, where he distinguished himself above all his compeers in the excesses of Bacchus, and in Cytherean exploits. Among other noble feats, which cannot fail of transmitting his lordship's name to posterity, he gave one thousand guineas for the satisfaction of instructing a girl of fifteen in these mysteries. The poignancy of the charm consisted in his having purchased her from her mother, who, according to his lordship's doctrine, had the best right of any person living to dispose of her own produce.

He was also a constant attendant at

the gambling tables, or *Rouge et Noir*, which Buonaparte sent down to Verdun, for the express purpose of ruining the English; a purpose which he accomplished to admiration, as many a noble victim can testify with his last shilling.

The following incident, which occurred there, may not be unseasonable. A great number of the prisoners were young and inexperienced midshipmen, who all at once found themselves involved in the same vortex of dissipation with men of high rank and splendid fortune. They, of course, gave unbridled license to their wild desires, for the purpose of being fashionable. Among others, a young midshipman, having lost all his stock at *Rouge et*

Noir, proposed to stake one of his *ears* for the sum of twelve livres. The offer was accepted by the bank; the midshipman lost, and instantly with a penknife cut off his own ear, which he deposited on the table, and quitted the room.

His lordship was also employed in a political capacity, to the utter astonishment of his friends, and delight of his foes. But the knowing ones at Verdun observed, that if the differences between the two governments were to be decided by the cast of a die, a fitter person than his lordship could not easily be found.

Since his return to this country, he has been engaged in a most unbecoming *fracas* with a personage of

distinction. But matters are now happily adjusted, and his lordship enacts grand buffo, principal punch-maker, and sole fashioner of whiskers.

But, besides this honourable occupation, he derives no small emolument from patronizing, by his presence, and assisting, by his ingenuity, one of those joint-stock companies which we have mentioned above. The house where this firm transacts its business has of late been looked upon by the magistracy with rather a suspicious eye, but luckily, on the other hand, the efforts of the magistrates are not seconded by the vigor of the laws. However well inclined, they cannot break into the house, but are obliged to take imperfect means for detection, which it is the labour of

the firm to elude. The doors and windows are well barred, the servants and porters are broad-shouldered, muscular, and six feet high, and a *posse comitatus* of well-drest, sturdy young men, are in pay, who appear as part of the company. Clerks and secretaries are also retained, as at the most substantial banking-house in Lombard Street; and the gains and losses are recorded with as much regularity, and the books kept with as constant a balancing of debtor and creditor, as those of the Bank of England. We need not inform the knowing ones, that the magnificent mansion where the business is carried on belongs to a lady of high rank, that, 'at home,' cards are issued by her to her confidential servants of title, who, in their turn,

distribute them to those young gentlemen, who having just come to their estates, or having just landed from the East or West Indies, full of money, and totally ignorant of the world, jump at an invitation which must introduce them into some of the first society in the empire. Every enrolled member of this establishment has it in charge to bring with him a *young* friend; and no allurement is forgotten, no expense spared, to present such a brilliancy of scene, such attractions of luxury, and such an overflow of splendour, as might fix the hook, and add new prey to these organized vultures.

The right honorable presidentess of this institution had just issued cards for a supper; and as Lord Catson was

one of the most approved members, inasmuch as he had the happiness of finding out the fittest subject for business, she had put half a dozen cards into his hand.

Now it occurred to his lordship that no man could do more honour to the grand object of the society than poor Coulter; for he appeared to possess wealth, and, beyond all doubt, he was in undisputed possession of simplicity, and ignorance of the world. Accordingly, off he set to Long's, saw Coulter, said something about those being generally the best friends at last who had begun by being the greatest enemies, set forth the conviviality, elegance, and splendour of her ladyship's suppers, and ended with laying three

cards of invitation on the table, and protesting that he would take no excuse —that Coulter, his good lady, and his fair friend, whose character he had once so grossly mistaken, and so injuriously aspersed, must honour his particular intimate, Lady——, with their presence.

Coulter was quite overwhelmed with this singular proof of a good heart. He caught Lord Catson's hand, grasped it lustily, and swore, as he thought at the moment, that he was the best of men.

When Mrs. Coulter and Hyppolita returned from their shopping, an occupation which the former lady took infinite delight in, she was made acquainted with the arrangement, and literally jumped with joy, having,

while she was in the air, fixed upon the dress she meant to appear in. But the timid Hyppolita, who dreaded, she knew not why, another meeting with Lord Catson, and indeed felt disinclined to mix in any strange society, was with difficulty persuaded, or rather forced, to acquiesce in the decision.

During their dinner, nothing was discussed but the great supper they were to be at. Hyppolita was lectured and re-lectured on the conduct she was to adopt; nor was it till eight o'clock that Coulter had so far expended his thoughts upon this subject, that he felt himself at leisure to go down to the coffee-room, as usual, and spell the evening papers.

He found assembled there, in different boxes, several parties of gentlemen. Lord Leander was there, *solus* in a box, and with a book; but he was not drinking his wine out of the skull of one of his ancestors, nor had he eaten his dinner with a fork carved out of his great great grand uncle's cross-bone. These were luxuries in which he never indulged except when he had invited company to his house, on which occasions he would eat one wing of a chicken, and swallow six bottles of claret.

In another box sat Mr. Croaker, the greatest eater and the greatest groaner in England, to whom, not only the government, but even the climate of this country, is an object of hatred, the

latter being, in his opinion, '*fit only for the abode of frogs.*' After going through Long's whole bill of fare, he sits immoveable for the remainder of the evening, and cries like an infant at his increasing corpulency. When this fit is over, he amuses himself with inventing a new sauce. Of late, indeed, he has given up these inventions, as his particular friend, Miss Chariot, informed him that he might, by the mixture of ingredients, each nutritious in itself, compound such an infernal poison as would stretch him a lifeless victim to the effects of chemical repulsion. Latterly, however, he has amused himself with composing poetry, and in '*Travelling Recreations,*' both which employments tend to make a man lean.

This gentleman, during a conversation on French literature with Miss Chariot, having *Baron De Grimm's Correspondence* in his hand, began to read from it the very affecting passage on Rousseau's tomb, when she instantly burst into a loud fit of laughter, and exclaimed: "that is a good joke!" The fact is, Miss Chariot had somehow got it into her head that the passage was of the comic stamp; and knowing no more what Mr. Croaker read, than if it had been high Dutch, she thought the chances were in her favour if she laughed.

The wine went briskly about, in the several boxes. The Leslie, the Bertram, and the Giles were toasted, and all things announced unbounded festivity, when on a sudden the door of

the coffee-room opened, and lo—. But how shall we introduce this event? To what god; to what muse; to what in heaven, earth, or something lower, shall we appeal? Is there no new divinity to be carved out by Nollikins for the occasion? Must we indeed descend to the common forms of historical narration, and relate the simple fact? We must, we must!

Know then, best of readers, that the door opened, a lady flew into the room, gazed anxiously around, exclaiming, "'Tis he! 'tis he! I know him by his portrait," and incontinently seated herself by the side of Lord Leander.

It was Miss Chariot!!!

The very feathers on our pen stand an end.

"I have found you at last!" she cried—"you, whom for five long years I have pursued in vain!—A glass of wine!—oh, dear!"

"Have you sworn it yet, Madam?" said his lordship.

"Sworn it!" cried she.

"I beg pardon;—I mistook you," said his lordship.

"But I have not mistaken you," said she. "Are you not Lord Leander?"

"I have that misfortune," replied he, pensively laying his hand on his forehead.

"Misfortune!" she exclaimed. "I never knew that a misfortune was a blessing before. In short, I have come hither, to converse with the greatest genius that ever adorned any age or

country.—I have come to lay the incense of my devotion on the altar of your muse!"

His lordship, who loved incense from his soul, and who burned pastiles, when he could obtain no other, felt disposed to act graciously towards the unknown; especially, as the eyes of the whole room were by this time upon the box.

"It is a great happiness," said he, "that education has enabled, of late years, the ceremonies of poetical adoration to be administered by fair priestesses."

"True," replied she: "nor do I see reason why women should not be conversant, equally with men, in every branch of human knowledge. Bacon divides learning into three great parts,

correspondent to the three grand attributes of the mind. History to the memory; poetry to the imagination; and philosophy to the judgment. History is natural, civil, ecclesiastical, and literary. There is the history of creatures, of marvels, and of arts. There are memoirs and antiquities. There are chronicles and lives. There are appendixes and indexes. Philosophy is divine, natural, and human. Metaphysics relate to forms and qualities, as colours, vegetation, gravity, levity, tenuity, density.

E volge intorno gli occhi, e quella strada
Sol gli piace tentar, ch' altri dispera.

Courage, my friend.—*Magnis tamen excidit ausis.*"—And Miss Chariot ceased, quite out of breath.

His lordship, on the other hand, did

not want breath so much as an answer, and that it was impossible to make, seeing that no proposition had hitherto been advanced—at length, he said:

"Upon my word, Madam, you seem quite *au fait* at ancient learning. Pray, may I beg to know what modern works most excite your admiration?"

"Your own productions, my lord," answered she; "especially your *Epistle to the Governess*. Oh! how I should like to be an object of your enmity, if I could find no other means of obtaining a niche in your divine verses!"

"There is but one step towards becoming my enemy," answered his lordship, "and that one is by first making yourself my friend."

"And how shall I do that?" she asked.

"By abusing me," said he. "I delight in astonishing my foes by doing them acts of kindness."

"Then you are a Christian, my lord?"

"I!"

"I beg pardon, I had forgotten. However, you are at least a *heathen*. 'Tis certain that poetry has been much injured by the introduction of Christianity; and that ever since Mars, Jupiter, and Venus, have lost their influence, Parnassus has lost all its support."

"Then, probably, you think my poetry inferior to that of the Greeks and Romans?" said his lordship sulkily.

"Of course," answered she. "You are, you know, but a minor poet. It would be ridiculous to suppose that

your works will survive their century."

"What is your name, Madam?"

"Miss Chariot, Sir."

"Then, pray, Miss Chariot, indulge me with your absence, if you please."

"Oh, no," replied Miss Chariot, with a smile of exultation; "I must first confirm you in enmity, that you may enrol me amongst your friends. 'Tis your maxim, as you have just told me."

"Devil have me, if I practise it upon you, however," cried his lordship.

"Delightful!" exclaimed she: "I see I shall at last make you angry enough to immortalize me."

"How can I immortalize you, if my verses are so bad as you say?" cried his lordship.

"They are execrable!" cried Miss Chariot. "Gloomy, sardonic, sarcastic, obscure, inharmonious."

"Waiter!" vociferated the enraged poet.

"Sir!"

"Here is a mad woman got into the coffee-room. I desire you will instantly remove her."

"May I have the honour, Madam, of conducting you into the street?" said the waiter.

"No, not yet, my good fellow," whispered she, "till I secure my immortality. A few more irritating remarks, and I am handed down as an Aspasia for ever."

"I solemnly protest and declare," cried his lordship, "I will never mention you, good or bad, in any publi-

cation of mine; so you may as well depart."

"Come, Madam," said the waiter, seizing her.

"Off with these plebeian fingers!" she vociferated. "This spot I quit not, till I receive a promise of being admitted into Lord Leander's next publication."

By this time all the gentlemen in the boxes had left their seats, and crowded round the scene of action. Mr. Croaker at the same time pushed forward, and taking Miss Chariot's hand, said:

"Pray, my good friend, can I be of any service to you?"

"Undoubtedly," replied she. "This is the most awful and important moment of my life. The case stands

thus. I have come hither for the express purpose of obtaining the promise of a place in one of his lordship's poems. I declare to you, I have this honour so much at heart, that if I thought I could succeed in it, even by a personal assault, I would not hesitate one moment in knocking his lordship down. Conceive the delicate situation in which I stand. I abuse him, I am sure, as much as my slender abilities will allow me, and yet he is inexorable. Why, you unmanly—"

"My lord," said Croaker, "really I must say that you are treating the lady extremely ill. It is well known that your lordship always lampoons your abusers, and why, the lady being so anxious, you should deviate from

your established custom, I can interpret no otherwise than as a personal insult to her; and therefore, Sir, I do insist either on your offering her a suitable apology, or, at least, vilifying her character as far as in you lies."

The gentlemen behind, struck with the reasonableness of this appeal, expressed their approbation by repeated bravos, and Miss Chariot thanked them with a look of fervent gratitude. Indeed, it is one of the finest traits in the English character ever to side with the injured party; and there was not one of the party who did not feel convinced that Miss Chariot's asserted claim to unqualified pasquinade was consonant with the unalterable rule of right.

It would, however, be quite impos-

sible for us to describe the scene of confusion that ensued. His lordship several times attempted, but in vain, to escape. Miss Chariot held him with Amazonian grasp; and no one knows how the affair would have terminated, had not a constable (procured, it seems, by the waiter) entered the room, and, by virtue of his office, actually conveyed Miss Chariot, without further ceremony, to the watch-house, notwithstanding the interposition of her friend, Mr. Croaker, and several of the other gentlemen.

CHAPTER X.

On Miss Chariot's arrival at the watch-house, whither she was not conveyed without a few tears, which, if analysed, would be found to produce more carbon than oxygen, she found herself, to her great delight, in the midst of excellent society; and as her friend Croaker had promised to return instantly and bail her, she, on the whole, felt not displeased at the adventure, anticipating in the characters which she found before her much food for her satirical talents.

The first personage her eyes encoun-

tered there was Lord Yardlip. He was seated, and four or five gentlemen had just gathered round him to hear his account of the adventure, which had terminated in his present predicament.

"You must know," said he, "that the good Lord Elder and myself had just been dining with a friend in the neighbourhood of Russell Square. His lordship had on that day taken a fancy to a charming turbot, for which he was to pay one guinea; but being, as you are all aware, under dimity government, and well knowing that a guinea for a turbot would not square with the economical notions of his *cara sposa*, he pretended that he had paid but ten shillings for it. Now as she had, on the same day, heard a

lady of her acquaintance complain that she could not procure one sufficiently fine for a party she expected, the economical lady kindly consented to let her have the turbot for fifteen shillings, by which she expected to gain five shillings, whereas, in reality, she lost five. Unfortunately, however, the fishmonger sent in his bill soon after, and she thus discovered that she had sold the turbot at a loss of twenty-five per cent. The consequence was, that the enraged economist drove her good man out to seek a dinner elsewhere; and as I met him just issuing forth for this purpose, I took him with me to Russell Square.

"Well, gentlemen, we dined and supped, and as poor Lord Elder was in low

spirits, in consequence of the unfortunate turbot affair, we persuaded him to drink freely; nor was it till one in the morning that we broke up. My carriage had been sent away, so nothing remained for us but a hackney coach, which was fortunately procured. Lord Elder, with some difficulty, was lifted into it, and by way of frolic I desired the coachman to drive to the *Key*. When we got there, we lifted his lordship out with equal difficulty, and supported him into a drawing-room, then ordered wine, and a couple of Hebes to minister our cups. In they came, and I think I never saw a more agreeable grin than my friend gave when he perceived them. The ghost of the turbot vanished instantly: he sat foppishly on his

chair, affected all his former youth, and, in fine, made me lament the ravages which a life of sobriety, and a disposition to be good, had effected in a mind, that, if properly cultivated, might have risen to the highest pinnacle of polite folly. I must, however, do him the justice to say, that on this occasion he made as great an effort at rakism as could well be expected from a man of his inveterate morals.

"I must be excused from entering into a detail of what followed. Suffice it to say, that when I made a movement to quit the room, all his natural timidity returned. He caught me by the hand, then by the skirt of my coat, and implored me, if I had any compassion on a poor weak sinner, not

to abandon him in this dire extremity. It was in vain that one of the Hebes held his left hand while he held my right; that she rubbed down his cheek, and whispered words of melting import in his ear; till, at length, commiserating the prejudices I could not avoid laughing at, I led him down stairs, and off we set in the coach again.

"But now comes the melancholy part of my tale. We stopped at his house: the lady was still up. I had alighted, and not caring to have the honour of paying the fare, I accordingly retreated behind the coach while it stood at the door.

"His lordship, never recollecting the coach-hire, was making his way

up stairs, when coachee cries out—'Sir, you have forgotten my fare.'

"How much is it?' said his lordship, stopping.

"Fifteen shillings, Sir.'

"Fifteen shillings!' cried her ladyship, from above.

"Fifteen shillings!' echoed his lordship, 'from Russell Square hither? Impossible, honest friend.'

"Didn't I stop two hours for you and t'other spark while you were at the *Key?*' cried coachee.

"Hush,' said his lordship, stumbling down stairs, 'here are the fifteen shillings.'

"I must have twenty shillings,' cried coachee, who had now found out a sure way to be paid any sum he might

choose to ask; 'for, if you remember, it was only one o'clock when we set off from the square, and it was half past three when we left the——'

"Hush, here is a pound note,' whispered his lordship.

"No, I'll be d—— d if——' cried the coachman, in a still louder key.

"Hush, my good lad; 'tis a two pound note. Call to-morrow; call to-morrow, and I'll forward your interests for ever.'

"Thank your lordship,' said the fellow, and walked out, pretty nearly satisfied.

"The door was then shut, but a horrible confusion arose in the house. Lights passed across every window; steps sounded up and down stairs; and

I much fear that the affair of the turbot was looked upon as a mere venial trespass, in comparison with the atrocity of this unfortunate transaction."

"But how, in the name of fortune, came your lordship here?" asked one of the gentlemen.

"Egad! I scarcely know how it happened," replied he. "A drabbled girl made a pluck at one of my whiskers as I was walking down the street. She thought it a false one, I fancy; so I took her gently in my arms and rolled her in the mud; and then some of her sisterhood coming up, called the watch, half-a-dozen of whom laid violent hands on me, and here I am."

Much laughter accompanied and followed this recital; and now his

lordship, looking towards one of the party, started, turned the colour of his own whiskers, and seemed quite in doubt whether to shake hands with him or at him.

But it may not be amiss to describe this gentleman. His name was Traydone. He was born of an illustrious line of ancestry, who date from the Norman conquest, and who have held possessions in Kent ever since that period, and whose landed property would, if still vested in the same name, amount to little short of one hundred thousand pounds per annum. The actual possessor's fortune is not considerable, but comfortable; to which, however, is added a lucrative situation under government, so that the baronet,

out of gratitude, is a government man. His eldest son, heir apparent to the title, is of a far different cast to his predecessors. The love of *conquest*, which might have flowed through the veins of his ancestors, and mixed with his blood, has not been quite corrupted in him; neither has he forgotten the usual consequence of conquest, namely, *plunder*. Ushered early into military life, he had a superb career before him. Nephew to two generals of high military talent, and at a very early age aide-de-camp to a most distinguished though unfortunate commander, captain in his teens, entrusted with a high staff-appointment, with a handsome person and no mean capacity, he was an officer of promise. But, sighing

after vanity and a pelisse, despising the infantry, and incapable of purchasing into the cavalry, he turned out a *promising* youth, in a very different way; for what he promised he never performed; and his promissory notes, if set to music, had the advantage of the base being ready made.

He likewise excelled in the sports of the field. He was an excellent horseman—a capital shot; for he was sure to kill whatever his gun pointed at. Nor was he deficient in the serious accomplishment of knocking a fellow-creature down. But these pleasing games suited not his lofty mind; for, though bold and ardent in the field, he was cautious and reflecting in the closet. He had a nice, calculating

genius, and few, if any, knew the chances of the game, the customs of the table, or the arcana of gambling, better than he. Annuities, bonds and mortgages, acceptances, bills of exchange, and post-obits, carriages and horses, brought to the hammer, and bodies of respectable people brought to prison, have all owned the power of his conquering hand. Lords and Commons have felt his *taxation*; and the foe who opposes him may expect to have fire and sword carried into his dominions. Though his allowances have always been narrowed by the paternal hand, his receipts and expenditures have been considerable, and he has lived in splendour on the fortune of others.

His intimacy with that notorious gentleman, whose transaction with the young man who shot off the top of his head (for brains he had none), is enough to stamp his character, led him from the paths of glory to those of a more suspicious publicity, and seduced him to the extensive practice of play. His extravagance, however, has proved so great, and the payment of his rents has been so *uncertain*, that, overwhelmed with debt, and still lavish of money, he, who might have trodden on French ground as a visitor, had, till latterly, wandered over the continent an unpitied exile.

At length Traydone relieved his lordship from his confusion, by addressing him thus:

"Ha, my Lord Yardlip; how dost 'Tis now five years since you *did* me out of the five thousand; but, egad! I am even with you, for I have been doing your son since. Egad! though, that plea of minorship was shabby enough. I hope your lordship will interpose your paternal authority, and compel him to liquidate."

This certainly was a most judicious mode of attack; for Lord Yardlip had absolutely nothing to urge against it. He was therefore very prudently silent, but with a sidelong contemptuous expression eyed the speaker, and turned his back upon him.

It may now be proper to say something of this son, to whom the allusion was made; not only for the sake of the

morals of the present full-grown generation, but also of those unfledged fashionables who are just bursting their shells, and issuing into the world.

In many of the courts of Germany, and others on the continent, it is necessary to prove sixteen quarters of nobility—*seize quartiers*, on father and mother's side without sully, bend sinister, or blot in their escutcheon to obtain certain places of trust and dignity, or to be decorated with insignia of certain orders, to approach the royal person, or to ride in the king's carriage—*monter dans le carosse du roi*, as they term it in France; and this is called making your proofs—*faire ses epreuves.* How thinly would our monarch and his magnificent son's courts and levees be attended,

were that the case in England! and at what a distance from the son of patronage and power would this young lord be placed, although his *worthy* papa is amongst the *worthies* who bask in royal favour! Making a component part of a commercial nation, we by no means, however, despise those ennobled houses, who from well-gained wealth, legitimate succession, and honourable conduct, have acquired their rank in the nation; and still less those who have risen by distinction at the bar, or by diplomacy and gradual patriotic and creditable services.

Certainly these last, and those who attain to the highest situations by naval or military glory, are the very essence of nobility, it having in them

originated from chivalrous exploits, and their fair device being "Virtus sola nobilitas." But how few there are of the former who have not waded through corruption to the peerage, and how wretchedly are the latter often represented by the puny race which succeeds them! We should probably not have mentioned this lord by courtesy, had he not been observed in Paris offensively conceited, whimsically dressed, speaking like a foreigner, a very exotic in manner and address—one of those things

> "——— One knows not how to call
> A generation so equivocal;"

and had he not *chronicled* his folly and his losses to a name which once stood high in rank and letters.

We shall therefore presume to offer a few remarks on a character made public by self,—and humbly hope that the accompanying advice, wholesome in substance, however unpalatable, may not be too strong for his delicate feelings. When a young man, without drawing his sword for his country, sports a pair of huge mustachios, and affects all the fierceness, air, and consequence of a soldier, independent of his becoming frightfully ridiculous, he is naturally taken for one who has grown in experience, has come to years of discretion, and can take care of himself. If, moreover, this *Homo* brags of conquests, and acts of prowess at the court of Venus, and either does, or says he does, frequent

gambling-houses, he must expect naturally to pass for a *flat* or a *sharp*, (though perhaps a *mere natural*)—a rook or a pigeon—a johnny raw, or a *leg*—as the *Greeks* and *Trojans* scientifically term it. Again, if he have visited these plundering shops habitually, he must know something about the practice thereof; and if he depart from the truth in making this assertion, his lordship best knows how to select the mildest and genteelest term for himself. Finally, every man who embarks in play, does so with the vice of a Cataline: he is, like him, *alieni apetens sui profusus.* All these circumstances taken into consideration, his lordship will not obtain from the public opinion either applause, sympathy, or even

common pity, for first losing what he could not pay, and next hiding his diminished head in his mamma's apron, and making her his champion and spy in Paris to punish his *quondam* friends, and *present adversarius*. Some will say that his papa could, and ought to have taught him better, whilst others will observe that his mamma should have avoided notoriety for self and son, whilst all will agree that mixed nobility is

"Such order from confusion sprung,
Like gaudy tulips rais'd from dung."

Young T—and Captain S—, about whom so much has been said on account of their winning a few thousands of this Don Exoticus Whiskerandus, we can only state under this

head that we once thought well of them; and if they have *lost cast* it is a pity, as they come of a good stock. Moreover, the young gentleman being himself of *Grecian* origin, if he be a dupe, it may be said of him, as of many others, "*Sequinturque* PATREM *non passibus equis.*"

CHAPTER XI.

Miss Chariot, who seldom allowed a statutable minute to elapse, without an attempt to shine, now addressed herself to Lord Yardlip, as follows:

"Is it not shameful, my lord, to have cooped up that mighty man, Buonaparte, in the cage of St. Helena, and not have permitted him to remain here on his parole? Magnificent and exalted spirit! First of heroes, greatest of statesmen,—oh! how shall I apostrophize thee? The only comfort I draw from

thy present state is, that I can praise thee, without the imputation of treason."

Lord Yardlip and the other culprits present were not a little amazed at the question, and the apostrophe; but wishing to draw her out, Mr. Traydone said:

"What! Madam, can you possibly defend the conduct of a man who has trampled on all law, who has adopted every religion, who has dethroned the lord's anointed, who has poisoned his fellow-soldiers, and who has always deserted them in the moment of defeat?"

"All that goes for little with me," replied Miss Chariot: "I talk of a great man, not a good one; and at this moment there are but two men to

whom I would consent to give my hand in marriage—the one is Buonaparte; the other is a bishop."

"For heaven's sake! what bishop?" cried Mr. Traydone.

"Maiden modesty forbids my naming him," replied she; "but you may see him at H———d's. I protest, were I a man, which I wish from my soul I were, I would form my morals and my conduct from Napoleon the Great, that bishop, Sir Francis Burdett, and the charming Hunt."

"Then you are probably one of the Spencean society?" said Lord Yardlip.

"Undoubtedly," replied she. "I am a member of every institution into which I can gain admittance."

"Are you of the Fishmonger's corporation?" asked Lord Yardlip.

"Not yet," answered she: "but as I have invented a method of lighting the streets with fishbones, instead of gas, I hope soon to become a member."

"You seem an odd fish yourself, Madam," said Lord Yardlip.

"I could be a sword-fish to the great state-whale," retorted she, with an acrimonious look: "and I fancy the people will no longer act Jonas's either. Though the whale has swallowed them up, they have swords, and can rip their way out of its belly. Men, like you, who wallow in wealth, which they ring from the hard hands of the poor, must soon—the times are arriving at such a crisis—either disgorge your ill-got acquisitions, or be pierced with harpoons, and swim like dead whales upon your backs, to the

delight of all the little fishes. Oil and blubber we must have—aye, and whalebone too; and eternal perdition betide the unlucky whale that refuses then."

Miss Chariot appeared animated, but she was quite sober.

"Oil and blubber!" exclaimed Mr. Traydone.

"Yes," said she, "or, in other words, the loaves and fishes."

"If this is the way your patriots assert their rights," said Lord Yardlip, "no wonder they do not succeed in obtaining them."

We think so too. We are of opinion that a very good cause is seriously injured by the indiscreet violence of some of its partizans. No wise man

can behold the enormous amount of our taxes, and the burdensome incumbrances of places and pensions, without recognizing in their continuance the final destruction of our prosperity. But it is the curse of patriotism, that, while a moderate opposition, whose calm counsels and protecting virtues would, without doubt, ultimately be heard, and felt, and followed, are endeavouring to bring about results so necessary to the welfare of the nation, a wretched crew of political fanatics are, by their madness, their folly, and their depravity, undoing all that has been done, casting an odium upon those who will not go all lengths with them, making the timid retire, and abandon their benevolent intentions, and giving

placemen and pensioners an opportunity of exalting their own characters and principles, by showing the infamy and madness of the rabble, who would pull them down.

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Croaker, who had brought a couple of housekeepers to bail Miss Chariot. Accordingly, she was set free; her friend Croaker accompanied her, and a hackney coach was the *triumphal car* in which she returned to her house.

In the mean time the several gentlemen, who were still detained at the watch-house, became impatient at their captivity, and began to devise means for effecting their liberation. At first, it was proposed to bribe the

keeper of the watch-house, but none of them could muster money enough; and the man, on being questioned, was too conscientious to take the word of gentlemen for future payment. At length Lord Yardlip addressed him:

"So, Sir, you refuse to accept of our promises, though you know who we are."

"Perhaps, my lord," said the fellow, "'tis because I know who you are that I refuse you."

"Very well, Sirrah!" cried his lordship: "you shall know who *I* am with a vengeance. I shall not pay you in kind; for, though you force me to stay here to-night, I shall force you not to stay here another night longer.

Depend upon it, you lose your situation to-morrow."

"And is this the way you great folks use your authority?" cried the man. "Harkee, my lord, you may persecute me if you please, but there is such a thing as a petition to parliament, and such a man as Mr. Brougham to present it; and, rabbit me, if I don't expose you to the whole kingdom, so I will. So take away my employment at your peril. No, no, you daren't, for all your court preferments; and we know how you got 'em too; and there an't a courtier or lord among you that would presume to do so unjust an act. So here you stay this night, please God; and if you say much more, may I be d——d if I

don't get you turned out of every place you have. There's for you, my buck."

Lord Yardlip absolutely had not a word to answer. He was stunned, astonished. He rubbed his whiskers, but that afforded him no new idea; and indeed the first idea that did occur to him was, that an Englishman cannot be trampled on with impunity, either by the dignity of title, or the insolence of office. Not but that the fellow himself would have been just as likely to say to Lord Yardlip, what Lord Yardlip said to him, had their situations been exchanged: but it is a different case between a man's having bad principles himself, and letting others act upon them, when they are injurious to himself.

The gentlemen, therefore, magnanimously resolved to do what they could not avoid doing—namely, to remain in the watch-house all night. So they procured cards, dice, and wine; played upon honour, and, towards morning, had ascertained this remarkable fact, that the winners were entitled to just as much money as the losers had lost. For instance; Mr. Traydone won ten thousand pounds from Lord Yardlip, and Lord Yardlip lost ten thousand pounds to Mr. Traydone.

At eight o'clock they were all escorted to the magistrate, a lusty gentleman with black eyebrows; who, far more considerate than the constable of the night, regretted excessively that he had not the honour to know of their situation sooner; took snuff, was sorry

for the circumstance; took snuff again, lamented the accident; took snuff for the third and last time, and then dismissed them with all that politeness, which, had they been shopkeepers' boys, he would possibly have exchanged for a very different kind of behaviour.

As Lord Yardlip and Traydone, now most loving friends, were walking home together, they met Lord Catson hurrying along, in violent haste.

"Whither so fast, Catson?" cried his lordship.

"Egad!" said Lord Catson, "to mature a project against an old quiz, of the name of Coulter, against whom I have sworn vengeance. The trick is an excellent one, and the best of it is, that it will not prove unprofitable. In

the first place, we who are in the plot got this hand-bill printed--look ye.

"Places under Government, &c.

"Gentlemen in possession of sums of ready money, of one thousand, two thousand, or three thousand pounds, are respectfully informed, that by applying to the house of Goodman and Co. they may be accommodated with places under government, of an income producing upwards of fifty per cent. upon their purchase-money. N. B. The utmost secrecy and honour are observed, and expected.

"It is requested that none but the most respectable people, and such as can be powerfully recommended, will make application."

"Now," continued his lordship, "I have inclosed by the post one of these bills to Coulter, who, it seems, is a rich country boor, and have myself actually persuaded him to purchase a situation under government; for he thinks himself quite equal to any undertaking. About this hour, he is to meet me at Goodman and Co's, a pretended firm, which I established yesterday, in a small room, belonging to Bob, the billiard-marker, by the help of two writing-desks, tables covered with green baize, and seven or eight fellows, in the characters of writing and copying clerks. Add to these, piles of paper, rolls of parchment, &c. and Bob, the billiard-marker, dressed up as a quaker, who personates the principal

clerk of the concern, and you will allow that the contrivance is imposing and plausible enough. 'Tis a dead secret, remember, so turn about with me, and you shall witness with what adroitness we shall make him pay down a thousand or two; and no harm can happen to us, for we are to be supposed quite ignorant of its being an imposture: and the moment the thing has succeeded, the whole counting-house shall be deserted. Bob himself is to tell every one that the room had been taken the day before by a quaker, who said he was going to set up a shop there."

Lord Yardlip and Mr. Traydone laughed heartily at this project, and immediately proceeded to the mock

counting-house, which indeed bore a most creditable aspect, and might have imposed upon much wiser heads than poor Coulter's. Bob, in a brown wig, sat at the head of a table, in a tall chair, and with a writing-desk before him. When Lord Catson entered, with two gentlemen, the quaker and his clerks, conceiving at first that one of them was Coulter, clapped down their heads instantly, and began pegging away at their pens as if they were writing for their lives. Bob, however, glancing a sly eye at the new-comers, recognized his old friends Traydone and Yardlip; and as they were on most easy terms of friendship and conversation:

"Ha, my jolly boys," cried he, "are you there? Egad! I thought the

flat was come, so began to support my character. Hey? Ecod, we shall make a pretty penny by this joke, for I'm to have a tight fifty for my pains; and may I never give your antagonist a crooked cue at billiards again, if I don't get snuffy on the jest, before Beelzebub takes his station behind you all to-night, when you are going to do the queer one at White's out of the estate he got last Friday."

At this moment old Coulter entered, puffing and blowing, and Bob and his myrmidons instantly began to write, without appearing to see him.

"Egad! ha, well, here before me, Lord Catson!" said Coulter, wiping his forehead. "By crackins! a creditable house this. The devil's own

number of clerks, to be sure. Well, whom have we got here?" pointing to Lord Yardlip and Mr. Traydone.

Lord Catson mentioned their names.

"Z——ds!" cried Coulter, "I suppose 'tis Lord Yardlip who is to receive the purchase-money. But who am I to speak to about my business?"

"The head of the firm, I suppose," answered Lord Catson—"that quaker yonder, with the comical wig."

"Aye, aye, a warm fellow, a tight dog, I warrant him," said Coulter.

"Pray, Mr. a—what's your name, is this hand-bill from your house?"

"Yea," answered Bob, still continuing to write.

"If so, then," said Coulter, "you and I must have business together."

"Hum," said Bob, "that's as hereafter may be."

"Now, there's the rudeness of conscious wealth," observed Coulter to Lord Catson; "but, mayhap, I could count pounds with him for all that."

"Come, Sir, your business with me," said Bob, as he stuck his pen across his ear.

"I want a place under government," answered Coulter, "and I will give as far as two thousand pounds for it, at the per centage you mention in your advertisement."

"I dare say you will," answered Bob, with an affectation of raillery. "Yes, yes, a place of one thousand per annum is a very pretty thing. Many people toil all their lives, and do

not procure so pretty a thing. Yes, yes, I can believe that you wish for it."

"And I am willing to pay its purchase," said Coulter—"two thousand pounds."

"Yes, yes," replied Bob, "I can believe you there too, my friend. Yes, there are few but would be willing to give two thousand pounds for a place of one thousand a-year. That is just two years' purchase. Yes, yes, I can believe that you are willing to get above cent. per cent. for your money. Yes, yes."

"No more words," cried Coulter, "no more words; but here is the money, ready and willing."

"What!" resumed Bob, "you care

not how soon you come into possession of this lucrative situation. Very well, Sir, very well. You feel as you should do. So go—you may return to-morrow morning, and bring a reference of respectability; for I suppose you remember that part of the advertisement, where it says: "It is requested that none make application at this office but persons of respectability, and such as can procure proper testimonies of their good character and sufficiency."

"Z——ds! but I can do so upon the spot," answered Coulter, "for here is Lord Catson come o'purpose."

"Are you, my lord?" said Bob. "I thought you had been here on the Angola business."

"My chief object in being here," answered Lord Catson, "is to recommend my friend Coulter to you, as a man of property, of honour, and of consideration."

"There is no man upon earth," said Bob, "whose opinion on these subjects I would take sooner than your lordship's. But we are obliged, for our own character, and the credit of our office, to be thus cautious, for so many improper persons apply, that we might be led into many embarrassments."

"You are a confounded honest old broad-brim," said Coulter, "and shall have a guinea or two for your trouble."

"I a guinea or two!" exclaimed Bob, twisting his wig sideways on his

head. "I a guinea or two? I? I?—Show that person the door—I will have no bribery here. I! what, I!—I!—Lord ha' mercy, I! Show him out, I say;—out with thee, Satan!"

A clerk now rose to conduct Coulter to the door.

"As I hope for salvation," cried Coulter, in an agony, "I did'nt mean it as a bribe. Don't now, now don't you be so severe. Odd zookers! man, I was only joking."

"I do assure you," said Lord Catson, "he meant it all as a piece of witticism upon government."

"Yes, that I did," cried Coulter, eagerly.

"Did you so?" said Bob. "Then, Sir, a man who can play off his jokes

against a ministry he is just on the point of joining can never prove a faithful servant; so good morning to you."

"Confound me, then," exclaimed Coulter, "if I meant it against government at all. Only his lordship here said I did, and I thought it but right to support him, as he is supporting me."

"Now that is a good sentence—very good, indeed," cried the quaker; "quite a government sentence—*I supported him, because he supported me.* Excellent, i'faith! I forgive you."

"You are, I verily believe, the first man for honesty in the kingdom," cried Coulter, and attempted to grasp Bob's hand.

"Softly, Sir, softly," said Bob. "Do you mean to say that I am an honester man than the prime-minister of England?"

"By crackins! I have put my foot in it again," said Coulter. "Lookee, my honest fellow, secure me the place first, and then we'll talk about the prime-minister."

"An excellent government sentence!" cried Bob. "*Secure me first, and then.* D—n me, my old boy, (here Bob forgot he was a quaker) you shall get the place as sure as ham is bacon, since I see you possessed of such ministerial principles."

"Well, then," said Coulter, "conclude, conclude. Where is the gen-

tleman who now holds the office, and when am I to buy?"

"Softly," cried Bob. "In the first place, it is necessary to the honour of my patron, and the responsibility attached to his name, that this affair should not be made public. He requires therefore the strictest secrecy to be observed, and to this purpose insists that every thing should be conducted without his appearance, and by my immediate agency. In a word, Sir, you have nothing in the world to do but to pay the two thousand pounds into my hands, and your appointment will be immediately delivered. That you may be secure, however, and that no retraction of his

lordship shall endanger its loss, upon your payment of the money, I shall give you *pro tempore* a check upon my banker for the same."

"Nothing can be more equitable," said Coulter.

"Now," continued Bob, "all I have to say is this:—The necessary attendance at the office is three hours a-day; but more time than that has, of late, become expedient. It seems that the opposition, having nothing else to say, have lately reproached their adversaries with a shameful neglect of the public accounts, and this has led our ministers to insist on more attention from the several clerks in the public offices. An attendance of three hours and a half is therefore

indispensable, under existing circumstances.—I say this, Sir, because I wish that every thing should be fair, candid, and honourable between us; and so, if you have any sort of objection to the additional half hour, I give you leave to withdraw your agreement, and, upon my honour, I shall not consider you as having acted unhandsomely."

"Zounds!" cried Coulter, "here is a splutter about a paltry half hour. Why, man, if you had said six hours, I should not have heeded it a sixpence. So come, give me the check and take the two thousand."

Accordingly the two thousand were taken, and the check was given.

"There now," said Bob, "you may

call again to-morrow and receive your appointment. But remember, three hours and a half attendance,—three hours and a half."

"Three fiddle-sticks and half a pound of rosin," said Coulter. "I don't care a fig for any man, or any thing. I'll astonish the board of trade;—I'm a government man; and let me see who dares to question my talents."

Poor Coulter, who was in private life a humble and inoffensive character, could not see himself on a sudden exalted into a public capacity without betraying, like other folk whom we could name, some of the insolence of office.

"Introduce me," said he, whisper-

ing Lord Catson, "to that there Yardlip. We are chums, and should be on a right understanding one with the other."

Lord Catson then presented him to his chum; and Coulter, after a variety of new-born grimaces, which, as a courtier, he thought but becoming and proper, shook Lord Yardlip by the hand, and said:

"Now, my Lord Yardlip, let us understand each other. We are both government men, and of course in the good graces of the prince. All I say is this:—Give me the first sinecure you can lay hands upon, and I will give you the first I can lay mine upon. That's what I call fair and open."

"Agreed," said Lord Yardlip,—"only with this reservation, that I must first provide for forty-six followers, each of whom ought to be first on my list. But I would advise you to keep the sinecure you expect in your own hands, and to promise those only which you know you never will have it in your power to bestow."

"I like the maxim of it," said Coulter; "and I will soon fight my way up to a tip-top place, I warrant you. I suppose I have only got to cast up accounts, and so forth; and that I can easily do, for I am a dab at multiplication, though I was never a good hand at your division."

"While the division is in favour of the ministry," said Lord Yardlip,

"'tis no matter if you can't, even multiply by Carleton House and the Lords, and divide by the Commons."

"I can't do no such a thing," said Coulter; "but I can do my best, and that is what I was always able to do, and always will, provided I continue in the same mind,—though that an't a sure thing either, for I remember when I couldn't relish olives or vermicelli at all, whereas now I can eat you five shillings-worth at a sitting."

"Well," said Lord Yardlip, "you shall soon taste punch water and decoy-duck: so give my humble respects to the ministry when you see them, and say that I think you the honestest man they have."

His lordship and Traydone then left

this precious scene of hoax, and Coulter soon after followed, to bespeak new coats, boots, and a quizzing glass, and, after that, to meditate for the good of his country; resembling, in this respect, his brother-ministers, who meditate so much on the subject, that they have not time to bring their principles into action.

After he had departed, Lord Catson divided his plunder with his friend Bob, according to the terms of his stipulation; for no man could act with more honour and punctilio than Lord Catson towards any villain who had him in his power, and he had, therefore, many opportunities of exercising these virtues.

In a quarter of an hour afterwards,

the whole of this respectable firm was dissolved; Bob relinquished the quaker, paid his fellow-markers a guinea each, and then retired to his daily vocation, happy in the conscious merit of having, like other great men, promised a place, without any intention of giving it, with this difference only, that the poor flat was gulled out of two thousand pounds, instead of a fruitless expenditure of time, hope, and expectation.

CHAPTER XII.

In the evening the Coulter family began preparations for the grand supper; and after the ladies had finished their toilette, a coach was called, and old Coulter, his Dorothy, and Hyppolita set off. They arrived at a magnificent house, splendidly lighted up, and were conducted into a saloon, through a row of laced footmen. Lord Catson was already there, and introduced them in due form to the lady of the house, who certainly received them in as affable a manner as any one na-

turally would do, who had the prospect of being an immense gainer by the visit.

Above fifty of the company had already assembled, and several card tables were occupied by whist-players. But as our reader may probably wish for portraits of the principal figures who composed the party, we shall anticipate his desires, and oblige him with some sketches, in gratitude for his having done us the honour to read through our first volume, and a large portion of our second. We trust, too, he will be kind enough not to say any thing to any body, should he perceive an accidental similarity between these imaginary beings, and certain living individuals, whom he may know, in and

about England. Or, should a friend ask him, who was meant by such and such a character, we counsel him to be silent, and merely shake his head. It is almost impossible to conceive what an important thing a shake of the head is. It makes a man look so wise. We have known people get fame, pleasure, opulence, only by shaking their heads, though, Heaven knows, to use a trite witticism, there was nothing in them. A shake of the head, from an ignorant man, is learning; from a mean man, greatness; from a dull man, wit; from a stupid man, genius; from a poor man, wealth; from a fool, wisdom. We much wonder that no wit should have written a treatise on the art of shaking the head. It were surely ca-

pable of much illustration, and no writer need be ashamed of handling it, when he has the example of Addison, who has written, at some length, on the art of furling the fan, an instrument of equal ventosity. But lest, dear reader, you should also be at this time shaking your head, we shall commence our promised gallery of portraits.

PORTRAIT ONE.

THE DUKE OF ANACREON.

We remember in our youth to have read one of the libidinous productions of Anacreon, where he *brings together* a very uncommon assemblage of lilies and roses, not the polished skin tinged

with the maiden blush, which *(soit dit en passant)* has been worn to rags by poets of all nations and kinds, but, forsooth, the flush of youth in the fair sex mixed with *his lily locks.* Of this, our friend LITTLE has made a most beautiful translation, and (to do him justice) has, as in many other instances, outdone the original: probably, *haud ignarus futuri,* he felt peculiar pleasure in giving this *colouring* to the aberrations of old age; and, we confess, that it is the only picture of the thing that could adorn so vile a subject.

Hoary-headed love, and blushing virginity, decrepitude entwined with the embraces of elastic youth, dimples and wrinkles, blindness and amorous glances, flowing ringlets and a tie

wig, playfulness and the gout, vigour and paralysis have never appeared to us as mete companions—as subjects to be *blended together:* and although Anacreon tells us of his adorning his temples with roses, and anointing his beard, yet old gentlemen in general have their *fore*-heads at least *adorned* in a far different way; and as for their beards, we would either *cut the subject*, or recommend a little common soap and water, and substitute a barber to a beauty in the disposing of it. May the ornaments of the head "flourish like a green bough, and may their *horn* be exalted!" but as for the beard dropping odours like that of Aaron, we would add one drop *more*—namely to *drop* it entirely.

These remembrances of our old

friend Anacreon, so far as the antiquated lily and the rose go, brought to our mind a northern star, and we might add a *setting* one, although the noble duke who represents it doubtless conceives that it emits *scintillations* still, and expects to twinkle yet a little while in his favourite sphere, where the charms of the fair, like the lingering rays in the horizon, still warm and brighten *departing* day. This hope has lasted so long, that its age and permanence are its only recommendation, and we despair of seeing the declining duke much longer move to his favourite air—the *reel of Tulloch Gorum*. Men may give themselves *airs* (though *entre nous* more are given to them), and they may *reel* awhile, but the one

vanishes into nothing, and the other often produces a *fall*

" Solve senescentum mature sanus equum,
" Ne peccet ad extremum ridendus, et illia ducat," HORACE.

would be a very wholesome advice to his grace; for although he has been *fiddling* a long while, and composed a piece of music, which the depraved departed Stabilini said was *vara pritti*, and although he put words of his own to the said tune of Tulloch Gorum, and used to amuse himself with Urbani's singing immodest songs in broken English, and in listening to the shrill notes of other Italian *Capons*; yet the *bow* and the *beau* are worn out together, and a family bible would look better in in his *hand*.

This reproach was made many years ago, yet the game continued always the same; for his grace *says* that he is a great shot; and there is a great quantity of *game* on his property. That his grace is a good shot we doubt not, because he says so; for in France, when Mademoiselle Jeaneton wanted to play off an Englishman who had given her a great deal of money, she turned round to a companion, and said with a smile "Monsieur est bien *vigoureux; il nous l'a dit.*" We will not, however, doubt his grace's being a good *shot;* but as even that may *go off,* we would seriously recommend a change of conduct and amusements. His grace's graceful son is grown to more than maturity: the example has

long been immoral: now it is ridiculous.

If his grace take Anacreon for his model, it is lamentable that he has left out his best qualities: there is in him nothing of the *bon vivant*, none of his hospitality, conviviality, and, above all, of his contempt of riches.* Great care of his health, a very moderate and orderly table, coldness, distance, and reserve, and a most parsimonious economy, the effects of which have been felt both by his wife and son at different periods, form a great contrast to the jolly Bacchanalian in question, and put one in mind of a miser making love by a farthing rushlight.

* Vide an Ode of Anacreon beginning Ου μοι μελει Γυναι, &c.

Finally, let him avoid alienating all the respect and affection due to him from that worthy son, who is not like an abandoned heir of a Duke de Biron, many years ago in France, who wishing to step into his father's property, and to see his game up, said

Vous nous avez fait pour *votre plaisir*,
Et vous vivez trop long tems pour *les notres*.

PORTRAIT TWO.

LORD COCKBOAT.

Never did any character present so complete an instance of retrogade motion as the unfortunate lord in question: he seems to have been going to *leeward* three-fourths of his passage through life; and now we should con-

sider him as completely on his *beam ends.* After sailing with a favourable breeze, and *gloriously* riding out the gale, he took a lead in politics with biassed talent and capacity, associated himself with low adventurers, and entering into their shallow speculations, fell the dupe of their schemes and of his own credulity.

This is the most favourable account that can be given of Lord Cockboat. Misfortune is entitled to indulgence; and we afford it to him; for a much more unfavourable construction might be put on his conduct.

What an awful change, however, it must be to him, if he have feelings, to see his flag struck as a naval officer, his name erased for ever from that list

which is the pride of old England, to be shorne of his honors, expelled from the House of Commons, his banner *kicked* down, and every indignity offered him as a degraded Knight, besides being erased from society! And yet it would seem as if his lordship felt not his change, as if he gloried in his eccentricities, and brazened out his follies.

If his lordship think that a few chimney sweepers and dustmen, watermen and sailors, turned footpads perhaps, pickpockets and linkboys, who swell every crowd, with servants out of place, and desperate men to whom any change must be for the better,—if he think that these constitute a free people, he is egregiously

mistaken. An agrarian law would doubtless be very convenient to these gentry. Paper money, and the extent of the Bank's credit, which they rail against, can have no more effect upon them than national bankruptcy; for they have no stake in the hedge; and plunder, riot, general intoxication, money scattered promiscuously, or a but of beer staved in amongst them, are the only circumstances which could produce a national benefit to them. An equal representation, rotten boroughs, and annual parliaments, are mere words of which they know not the value.

But the meaning is, that all these changes would kick up a *row*, promote idleness, encourage picking of pockets,

and make a hustle and a scramble. The *freedom of the press* would be *practically* displayed; and the liberty of the subject (who would thus escape the hands of justice), and many other liberties, would be taken, too tedious to mention. The great advantage resulting from this mighty reform would be the amusement of the blackguards, and the chairing of Lord Cockboat.

Verbum sat.—Let his lordship reflect, and withdraw from mischief ere it be too late.

PORTRAIT THREE.

COLONEL MACK.

In the sunshine of royal favour are generated diurnally, and exist until

its rays are withdrawn, a number of *ephemeral* insects, who uselessly crawl about, "*fruges consumere nati.*" Amongst these is Colonel Mack, who came by his army rank without much trouble.

What counsel Colonel Mack can have given to ——— would puzzle any one to guess; but it brings to mind a joke of the witty Counsellor Curran at the expense of his witty brother, Barrister Egan. The latter, during his circuit, had the misfortune to get a *rotten* seat, not in parliament, but in a place as *necessary* and as foul: the consequence was a very unpleasant fall. When his friend Curran met him soon after, he thus addressed him: "You're welcome safe home, my

right honourable friend, for you are now not only a counsellor, but a *privy* counsellor." This joke *stuck* to him for some time afterwards.

It would seem ill-natured to attack *cyphers;* but the multiplication of them is dangerous, for by *adding* one more you make hundreds and thousands. What ———— can want with this Mark, whether for the *utile* or *dulce*, the useful or the ornamental, might be difficult to tell; but it is whispered about that he is *useful* in some shape, though all must agree as to his not being ornamental in *any*. Nor can we conceive that the descendant of a butler, whose near relation, a female, is still in service, can add consequence to the royal house-

hold, though doubtless well versed in *domestic* affairs.

It was pleasing to the real friends of ——— to behold him surrounded formerly by high birth and high talent, by intellect and integrity—to see a Fox, and a Grey, a Nelson, a Moira, a Burke, and a Sheridan, the sharers of his confidence, and the enliveners of his festive board. Whether their successors are equally fitted to add lustre to his circle, to improve and sweeten his hours of leisure, we leave to the world at large to decide.

As to the present short history, it never would have appeared had the Right Honourable John not swelled into such conceited consequence—such self-created importance, that he scarce-

ly deems a private gentleman worthy to be placed "betwixt the wind and his nobility."

PORTRAIT FOUR.

COLONEL O'GULLY.

Got by *Eclipse*, out of a celebrated *hackney* mare; dam and sire *unknown:* he first appeared on the turf. He was a great favourite at starting, but making the play rather imprudently, he outrun himself, and broke down in his last match. In his military race, he crossed and jostled his superior, by which he completely distanced him, and he never was allowed to start again. Complaints, however, were made that the thing was not quite fair, and the

Jockey Club, finding afterwards that his practices were censurable, dismissed him in turn.

Blown upon by this proceeding, he run only in a few sweepstakes and handycaps afterwards, until a private masonic match was made betwixt him and a cross-bred *stallion*, called Adventurer, who assumed however many other names in the *matches* in which he was concerned, and very much *concerned* indeed was he in the last.

It would fill a racing kalendar to enumerate all the names of the latter animal; but we shall give a few of them. He started as a colt, under the name of Lathorpe. He run in Ireland under the name of Murray: it was a pay or play match, and he

took all he could make on it. He then walked over the course in Scotland, having entered under the name of *Baronet;* but the Scotch were close fisted, and he made but a little on the last heat. He afterwards run, in the name of Windham, a bad race. Next, as Cashkeeper against a *King*. This match afforded much sport, and the king was dead beat, being distanced, and laughed at, as he came in lame. He next started with an untried mare in the name of *Bigamist*, got entangled with the *rope* in the first heat, but came in easy.

Lastly, he entered the lists with Eclipse, who run this match in the name of *Censor* (the other running in that of O'Blunder), for a medal given

by his Royal Highness of Sussex: the odds were in favour of Bigamist at starting; even betting the second heat; and ten to one against him in the last. Censor shewed a great deal of jockeyship in the race; let him make all his play at first, and tired his wind; and at last beat him in a hand gallop. There were other horses started with them; for Bigamist was close pressed by Gallows and Transport, and run foul of the former, but with the latter he run out of the course, and after bolting was disgraced, and struck out of the racing kalendar for ever! ! ! On the whole, he was thought an active horse and a good breeder, but wanted bottom, and had a strong cross of the rip in him. Some say that Eclipse was

severe with him for calling him behind his back a son of a ——— ; but certain it is, that Bigamist was found disqualified to be entered for the medal at all.

Since this, Colonel O'Gully has been very quiet. Some say that nobody will make a match with him; and some that his connexion with a pastry-cook has made him *crusty;* but the consequence is that he is called the ex-colonel, the Pseudo Count, and many other ill-natured nick-names—

"Sic transit gloria mundi."

N. B. Bigamist run for some time in the name of Waggoner.

PORTRAIT FIVE.

GENERAL SAUNTER.

Any one who has visited the coasts of France and Flanders must have seen this personage wandering on their shores as if cast on them by an adverse wind, or left there by a tempestuous billow, like a fish out of water. That the *wind* is low with the general is generally known, and it is as generally considered that he is a queer fish.

The distinction of honourable and the noble profession of arms are doubtless respectable in themselves; but in this instance, like most *professions*, they are merely nominal—words without any further meaning. If the traveller, from the idea he may form of this

gentleman, look for him under the impression of beholding the warrior or the man of fashion, he may pass him by a thousand times; but if his eye meet with the worst dressed Englishman on the continent, most unmilitary in appearance, and pedlar-like in his exterior, with an air of suspicion, and a suspicious air, he will find the honourable commoner in question; and if he walk with his hands behind him, look wistfully into the shops, make a full *right-about-face* when a pretty woman passes him, and produce a horrid expression of the eyes, he is certain of his man. He commonly "walks like contempt alone," his circle being very contracted; though sometimes he has some con-

temptible Englishman, *starved* out from *over the way*—i. e.—across the water, who follows him as his umbra; in which case he walks more proudly, as if he fancied himself a Mecænas.

Some say that he has *spent* a great deal of money; others say that he only *owes* a great sum, which is certainly very widely different; for in the latter case a man has been racing, riding, drinking and gaming, on the huge subscription purses of horse-dealers, wine merchants, usurers, and other dupes, not to mention the minor train of unpaid cooks, tavern keepers, confectioners, and even waiters, hostlers, and servants. In days of yore, extravagant men squandered a large fortune and owed a little;

but in these days of distinguished refinement, rakes and prodigals spend their very little, and owe a fortune: which may be the case in this instance we know not, but it is reported that the honourable general owes one hundred thousand; some say two hundred thousand pounds. How it can have been expended, we cannot possibly guess. As the French say, *il mange bien;* but a man must become a dragon to devour this. His present habits and establishment look to be sure like a *mangeur;* he is in fact a great glutton, but not like the magnificent landlord, nor the generous open-hearted Timon of the ancients.

The only anecdote we ever heard of this *honourable* is the following:—

Early in life, when he was a premature major, he took a young person from Canterbury, and brought her to the barracks (Horsham we believe), where her incensed brother followed her. The major soothed him with saying that he was just come in time, and he was heartily welcome, as the ensuing day he proposed marrying his sister, and that on the present day he had an ambassador and an illustrious party to dinner, to which his brother-in-law *elect* was most particularly invited. The guests arrived, the young rustic was made beastly drunk, put to bed to a Turk, and the next morning kicked out of doors as unworthy of being connected with nobility. His sister never became the wife, but probably closed

her miserable career on the town. This tale, whether false or true, may have possibly gained him credit amongst libertines and profligates; but, like the general's debts, there is more credit than honour in the matter; and we envy not the feelings of this wanderer, who is an honourable without nobility, a general without renown or command, and a married man without consort or home.

PORTRAIT SIX.

SIR WILLIAM TURTLE.

This is certainly a mirror of knighthood *à la* Falstaff—a mere *garde manger* of provisions, and a butt of wine. Brother Jemmy too, the alderman, is

not a bad accompaniment to Sir William; and that huge pendulous fungosity, which he calls his nose, might serve alternately for a trumpet, and, like Bardolph's, for an *ignis fatuus*, to light him by night, and during cold weather to keep his hands warm both night and day. Had the witty Foote been alive, he certainly would have asked him (as he did Lord Kellie) to look *over* his cucumbers. One caution, however, we give him, as we understand that he belongs to the Honourable Artillery Company, and that is, to beware of poking his nose indiscreetly into the powder magazine, for fear of an explosion.

But to return to the knight: what good he must have done to the im-

porters of turtle, to butchers, poulterers, and wine merchants, from his own consumption alone! At the same time he certainly ought to be taxed double, and contribute tenfold to the wants of the poor, from the effect he alone must have had in increasing the price of provisions, and in bringing on the scarcity.

This civic knight has, however, rendered signal service to his country; for he set sail in his yacht to keep our officers in *spirits* in the Walcheren campaign: he had the roast beef of old England as ensign, a turtle pendant at the mast head, pork sausages festooned on the rigging, hams and tongues in the hold, his yards manned with geese and turkies, and his ship ballasted with shell-fish: his cannons were barrels of

ale, but when he fired a royal salute, it was performed with *grape*. Bravo, Sir William!—how nobly dost thou represent the city of London!—what a worthy sample of the *corporation*.

One error, however, this worthy knight has committed, namely—to mount the *rostrum* and attempt a speech; for although the knight be a worthy member of a body *corporate*, yet as an individual of a body *politic*, his honour is but a weak brother. The pride also of espousing the cause of aristocracy does not sit quite easy on him; although it must be allowed that he speaks with the warmth of a novice.

We are very fearful that if any one take the trouble of writing this gentleman's history, it will be deemed wor-

thy only to wrap up mince pies: it will not furnish even so good a pun as the tobacconist's.—viz. Q. quid fecit? A. fecit *quid!* If any thing can be made of it, it must be picked out of that of Timocreon of Rhodes in days of yore, where are enumerated the oceans of wine which he quaffed, the pounds of solid meat which he devoured, and the smutty toasts and trite jokes which proceeded from his parched lips.

PORTRAIT SEVEN.

THE DUKE OF EXCHANGE.

On the summit of towering mountains, covered with sepulchral pine, dreariness and desolation below, and awful majesty above, here and there

the relief of a larch, and still more unfrequent the smile (as it were) of a southern forest tree—sullen, lonely, gothic, unsocial, and proud, stands the castle of Anveroch. The bleak winds scowl and thunder around it, whilst the withered and half flourishing trees which environ it parry their repeated attacks, and seem like the highland race, "beat but not conquered, withered but not subdued," blasted by the breath of the storm, but, like the emblem of defiance, standing "unhurt amidst the jar of elements." A lovely lake approaches the stern dwelling, and fain would diversify the scene; but the mist of the mountain, like a highland *feud*, rises so high, that it overcomes all beneath it, frowns on the

fair face that looks up to it, and all above it is fir, mountain and Anveroch.

We will remark nothing of the hardy race who *have*, and would *again*, in day and hour of danger, rally round that eminence—those, of whom it may be said, that they possess

"————A wide domain;
And rich the soil, if purple heath were grain;
But what of wealth the niggard soil denied,
From happier realms their fearless arms supplied."

Less will we advert to the fidelity of that clan, always faithful to their chief, however faithless he was to his prince.

It must be allowed, that from such a habitation, something grand and commanding might be expected. From Exchange House (now sold) one might

look for a successful general, and admire his grossly figured battles emblemed on old oak in his halls and staircases in London; but, at Anvereech, imagination claims something more. A shield and buckler, a battle axe and banner, a war horse, and a knight armed *cap à pied*, full of romance and of warlike enterprise—this is what one might expect.

Knock, however, at the castle,—what will you find?—emptiness. Ask for the duke—never there. What his appearance?—emaciated effeminacy. What his habits?—the most relaxed luxury. What his situation?—titled poverty. What his state?—equivocal matrimony. In fine, what does he represent?—the wreck of dis-

sipation, the martyr of promiscuous gambling, the slave of his annuitants and mortgagees, the sad rememberer of other days, and the forgotten benefactor of ungrateful sycophants—the progeny of a soldier, and the mere shadow of a highland chief.

Tempora mutantur

PORTRAIT EIGHT.

THE DUCHESS OF EXCHANGE.

At times our newspapers resemble a mere army list or register of the exchanges, promotions, and desertions in high life, arising out of trials for crim. con. change of partners, elopements, and promotions from mistresses to wives, and from wives to mistresses:

and it has often struck us, that if a monthly list of these occurrences were published, its sale would be rapid, and its circulation immense; for if a boarding school miss have a newspaper put into her hands, her eye is sure to fix itself (doubtless by accident) on a crim. con. paragraph, or a *faux pas* in a fashionable circle.

The facility with which her grace changed husband, as if putting off a morning for an evening dress, brought this idea into our mind, and we shall give an imperfect sketch of this matrimonial, and *protectorial* list, not confining ourselves, as in a drama, to the observance of the unities of time and place, but just putting the lady wife and lady mistress, the *cornutor* and

cornuted, as they accidentally occur, leaving the reader to increase the list, and to fill up the chasms from his or her own friends and relations at pleasure.

EXCHANGES.

Mrs. C***y to be acting partner to the c——— in-chief, vice his head Cl***ke dismissed the service.

Lady P——— to be Duchess of A———, vice Lady R——— deceased, who had temporary rank only.

Lady C——— W——— to be Lady P———, vice her predecessor, who exchanges.

The *soi-disant* Duchess of S——— to be Countess de A———, receiving a difference, and her former appointment being *cancelled*.

The ci-devant brevet assistant *acting* Duchess of C——— to become plain Mrs. F———, being placed upon the retired list.

PROMOTIONS.

Mrs. Kn——— to be lady J———n, by purchase.

Mrs. Sm——— to become Lady L———, and to be obeyed as such.

Lady W———, from the rank of a baronet's wife, to be Lady H———, with full rank.

Mrs. D——— of the Hussards to have *brevet* rank of Mrs. Cl———, her husband being formerly of the same corps.

NOTE.—Speedily may be expected some foreign princess to be Duchess of K——, vice Madame St. L———,

who has done the duty without army rank, and will be placed on half pay.

Some rich heiress to be Duchess of Cl———, vice the *acting* Duchess deceased.

DESERTIONS.

Sir William H——ry, Bart. from Miss D——y F——h, having since enlisted in another corps.

The Marquis of D———s, from the Italian corps, having married, and received a fresh bounty.

The remainder of the list is too voluminous to be added; and the present one is only given as a specimen.

We must not however conclude without giving the character and de-

scription of the Duchess of Exchange, faithfully copied from a French letter written by the Duke's sister to the late Comte de C.

Comment vous depeindre ma belle sœur? Elle est jolie comme un fleur, aimante comme une Tourterelle, timide comme un enfant, et paisible comme le sommeil.

We shall only add, for the duke's sake, *Ainsi soit il.*

PORTRAIT NINE.

MR. BROWN.

A *Dun* and a *tailor* are characters which alarm a man of fashion very much: they are apt to take strong *measures;* and are to be avoided like

the plague. In spite, however, of these objections, Master Brown, the the tailor's son, a very *seamly* youth, was somehow or other *made* a gentleman (though the trade did not *fit* him), and, wonderful to relate, figured as a Hussard. It was always thought in the corps that he had a great deal of the *goose* in him; but nevertheless he set up an equipage, and *tacked* himself to a wife. Whether the *gentle* spouse thought him the *ninth part of a man* or not we cannot pretend to say; but she found that he needed an *addition*, and therefore raised a superstructure on his forehead. Snip, endeavouring to feel *en militaire*, did not rest satisfied with this *manœuvre;* but his bride was a better *engineer* than himself; and the *horn*-work was completed before

he could look about him. He therefore *cut* his deary; and to make his name still more fashionable, came forward as plaintive in a crim. con. trial. He elegantly described the criminal circumstances of the case—said that he had introduced his friend to his unfaithful rib, whom he thought as faithful as the *needle* to the pole: but to such libertines as these "*give them an inch and they will take an ell.*" The plaintiff was of course non-*suited;* and Mr. Brown, with *overcast* brow, now wanders about on half pay, unpitied and unnoticed. When people quit their sphere, and meet with mishaps like these in high life,

Romani tollunt equites pedetesque carhennum.

HORACE.

PORTRAIT TEN.

LADY MAGDALENE.

If we be not very much mistaken, the word *philanthropy* means a love of *mankind*, and was deemed a great virtue amongst the ancients. If so, it cannot be less admirable in modern times; and if that position be also true, her ladyship has a higher claim on applause than almost any person we know. This logic may seem new; but we are persuaded that it is very well understood by the *philanthropic* Lady Magdalene.

Early in life her ladyship was admired for a fine ankle; and from that noble principle of keeping nothing for self, she published this fair work of

nature without reserve. When the *Breast* fleet was out, as her worthy mother wittily termed it, she generally shewed that she *kept nothing concealed from her friends.*

The husband was drunken, cross, and repulsive, and the wife formed a happy contrast; for she was gay, good-humoured, and engaging. At his demise, widowhood hung heavily on her, and she quitted, as soon as possible, "the idle mockery of woe." Something ill-natured was said about that time. But, to *deliver* our sentiments freely, we disbelieve it. Her ladyship is certainly a person of great conception, but of equal taste; and characters of this cast seldom miscarry in their undertakings.

The breath of scandal soon blew over; and her ladyship, after a retreat for awhile, appeared in the merry dance, of which she is passionately fond; and she married a certain person, who was the *long* shadow of her brother-in-law, who appeared in the north like the "Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ," of Virgil. Some say that her mother contrived to *palm* her on him; but she is a lady of high spirit, and long may she amuse herself and others.

PORTRAIT ELEVEN.

SIR JOHN WHEELER.

The history of this baronet is so much that of many an unfortunate John Bull, so much the jest of fo-

reigners, and the subject for lampoon and caricature against the English, that we shall give it, chiefly in the hope of its affording a lesson to the misled youth of our country to put off the coachman, and to become the gentleman. The following detail, therefore, may suit more persons than one.

Not long enough at school to be educated; sufficiently spoilt to be obstinate and self-willed; rich enough to neglect learning, and even useful observation; possessing ideas enough to get in debt; unfortunate enough to obtain extensive credit; in a long minority, hoarding up an accumulation of money, but by folly tempted to anticipate it, he thus disposes of a most valuable property for a coachmaker's

bill; comes of age; arrives at the high perfection of being taken for a groom; drives four-in-hand better than a stage coachman; dresses like one; next becomes a Newmarket jockey; rides his own matches; peels like an onion; is here called a pretty rider; is duped, and dupes in turn; knows all the accomplishments of the stable, from figging to cropping and hagging; and from spitting through his teeth like a butcher; to making up a horse for sale; marries his mistress; goes down in the world; gets disregarded; plunges further into debt, and washes off the score with an insolvent act; comes down to a tilbury, one horse; a female cook and a mop-squeezer attending his table; tells his past life as if he had

been the greatest man in the world; overlooks the stable of a prince, and some say becomes the foreman of a coachmaker; gets vulgar in old age, and subsists upon his wife's settlement.

Plaudite Pisones!!!

PORTRAIT TWELVE.

THE CI-DEVANT COLONEL PERSECUTE.

When patriotism flows from a pure unpolluted spring, it is revered (we might almost say) by angels and men: it dignifies the possessor into something more than man, since it makes him the proud theme of his cotemporaries here, and registers his name in letters of gold in the annals of futurity.

Such for awhile did *Citizen* Perse-

cute appear to the learned and unlearned; and those who had never known his former life and principles could never possibly foresee his fall and degradation. No one was aware that, like the public robber who watches for a conflagration to profit thereby, he would first proclaim the incendiary, bring forward the cause thereof, and, delivering him up to disgrace, fan the flame, in order to light himself to an elevation in public esteem and in public opinion—to scaffold up a temporary renown, and then, glorying in destruction, kick down the ladder by which he had mounted into power and notice, and make the most of his moment of success.

That ladder was Anna Maria Swin-

dle; but she was not to be thus disposed of like a mere machine. She was of such materials as endured not treatment of this kind: in her fall she brought her antagonist down with her; and, by the crash, raised such a din as alarmed all ranks, and detected the impostor.

Could the butcher of the deluded Irish, the drunken leader of ignorant and heated Welchmen, misled, misinformed, and unacquainted with localities, and other equally necessary circumstances—could the man who gloried in shedding blood for the paltry rank and pay of major be expected to be a friend to the people? Could power and popularity be entrusted to those gory hands whose

feats of cruelty rose in proportion with the wine or the whiskey which he had swallowed? For we repeat it again and again, that the British militia, the Glengarry, and other fencibles, were tolerated by all, and in many instances esteemed and idolized by thousands, while the colonel's cavalry was viewed with *distinct* and *undivided* hatred—feared by the weak, sacrificed by the strong, and perpetuated in the memory of the widow and the orphan, the poor, the maimed, and the disconsolate, in terms of execration, from generation to generation.

Often will the scalding tear of vengeance roll down the indignant cheek of the roofless tenant, whose home has been destroyed by fire and sword! Often will the struggling sigh rise, and

wish him strangled who caused his hoary-headed sire to be flogged or tortured! Long will it be remembered that an officer—(some have said the colonel himself) shot a man in a ditch —the muzzle of his pistol so close to the expiring wretch's breast, that anxious vengeance and drunkenness made him slip, and he had the greatest difficulty in withdrawing the smoaking weapon. Was Colonel Persecute aware that the people would read his success during the investigation?—that mutilated objects have memory and resentment?—and that they would say: —"No; this man is no patriot: it is a job like his commission, and he only seeks for victims for his interest or his ambition."

But his accomplices in his second

enterprize were not like the deluded military, who fell in mingled grasp, oppressor and oppressed—in confused heaps, soldier and rebel, innocent and unoffending, drunk and sober, suspicious and suspected. The agents he had to do with had the power of thinking; and when rewards and promises failed, they unmasked the chief conspirator, who, standing in his native nakedness, became as contemptible in the political world as he is abominable in the page of humanity.

Citizen Persecute, from these few words, learn what thousands think of you; quit for ever public life; retire to the cabinet; and if you ever do say your prayers, importune the throne of mercy that you may not be done unto as you have done unto others.

To this portrait we shall subjoin, merely as a corollary to the last, that of ANNA MARIA SWINDLE.

"Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa," &c. &c.

Whoever has been at school, and has read Horace through, will know the meaning of this line, and the less delicate ones which follow. In his translation he will have been made to *conjugate*, or rather perhaps to *decline* it altogether. To those who are ignorant of this author, we will tell them that the short poem in question, addressed to Pyrrha, was to reproach her with her infidelities, to ask who was the present sharer of her treacherous embrace, and to warn the youths of fashion against her.

We would in like manner ask Anna

Maria who is now her protector?—who now breathes out his soul in amorous *billets doux* which hereafter may be published as a catch-penny? who, in unguarded moments of ill-bestowed affection, makes her the depository of the inmost secrets of his mind, the sharer of his confidence? and to what amount will these secrets sell? Will they produce any thing in the way of anecdote?—will the happy lover form a character for a novel, or a caricature for a print shop?—or has Anna Maria *done her* BEST? and have her attractions so faded as to render them no longer dangerous? If a letter were to come by post from *York* in the form of the lines addressed to Pyrrha, the reflections contained in it would be appropriate enough.

In the spirit of Horace, who held up his *quondam* mistress as an example to be avoided, we would advise men of taste and fashion to beware of love-letter writing, in which the best method is an adoption of a *ministerial* style, which is so guarded, that whilst much is promised nothing is intended, and nothing can be taken hold of in the way of responsibility.

Such were some of the most distinguished of the various assemblage of rank, talent, and fashion, that now moved, and fluttered, and strutted, and tripped, and whispered, about the room, to the utter amazement and veneration of Coulter, wife, and fool.

In a short time the lady of the

house, or, in other words, the right honourable presidentess of the institution, ran up, as if in a sudden hurry, to Dorothy Coulter, and asked her whether she played whist?

"A little or so, your ladyship," answered Mrs. Coulter: "I am reckoned to know the use of the trumps very well; but I don't know how it is, I can never recollect lower down than an ace."

"So far!" cried the presidentess. "Oh, that will do. Nobody here recollects further. We only play for amusement; so pray come, there is a party waiting for you." And taking Mrs. Coulter by the hand, she led her to a card-table at the other end of the room, Captain Adon, Lord Catson,

and a yellow-faced lady, in a huge turban, formed the party. Lord Catson became her partner, by a cut. Hyppolita, who felt afraid at being left alone, slipped after her, and was soon seated by her side.

The game began: Lord Catson and she carried every thing before them. Already they had marked eighteen of the game, while their adversaries had not even saved their lurch.

"A hundred pounds to five," cried Lord Catson, "we win the rubber," addressing Lord Yardlip, who had just come in.

"Done," said his lordship; "and if you please, Madam, I'll take you in the same bet."

"Me!" cried Mrs. Coulter: "in-

deed, Sir, you'll excuse me. I never betted five hundred shillings in my life, much less five hundred pounds."

"But the game is, I may say, our's already," said Lord Catson: "at least, 'tis twenty to one in our favour, and you will certainly win a hundred pounds. Pray, oblige Lord Yardlip, who never bets less, and who thinks as little of a thousand as another would of sixpence."

"Upon my honour," said Mrs. Coulter, "I have not more than a few guineas in my pocket."

"Your pocket, Madam!" cried the yellow lady. "Do you wear a pocket?"

"Absolutely," tittered a lady behind her chair, "she contesses to wearing pockets."

"'Tis candid, at least," said another, in a whisper meant to be heard. "But that an't such a wonder as her refusing to take the bet. 'Tis so indecorous."

"Oh, quite vulgar, I protest," whispered another. "Who is she?"

"Can't tell," replied the other: "a woman of decided fashion, by her appearance and manners; but her refusing that trifle of a bet, and wearing pockets, makes me suspect that all an't right."

Poor Dorothy was in an agony. Every eye was now fixed on her; murmurs went round the room, several drew near the table, and all fixed their eyes on her with a cold yet earnest gaze of mingled pity and reprobation.

"Then you refuse absolutely to take my bet, Madam?" said Lord Yardlip,

with a *hauteur* and disdain that left her no alternative but of betting or being disgraced.

"Oh, dear, yes, I will," replied she. "I had no notion of refusing it, only having left my purse behind (because my milliner made the little pocket, or whatever you call it, that every one wears behind, so small), I was afraid you would not trust me. But I assure you I am a person of consequence, and fortune too, and would not cheat mortal out of the value of sixpence; so I'll take your bet with pleasure, Sir—my lord; that's what I will, and welcome."

"Don't, aunt, oh, don't," whispered Hyppolita.

"Hold your tongue, Miss," said aunt.

In fact, beside the motive of appearing not a whit inferior in spirit or etiquette to any one in the room, poor Dorothy was further tempted by the prospect of winning a hundred pounds; for she had looked into her new-dealt hand while she was speaking, and found that she held three honours and seven trumps, besides two aces.

"Bless me, 'tis a mis-deal," cried Lord Catson, "for I have but twelve cards in my hand."

"Lord, no matter," said Dorothy, with great vivacity; "we'll play on, and not mind it."

"Impossible," said Lord Catson: "I cannot think of it. You deal next, so we shall have the advantage."

"But I tell you I shall win the rubber in this hand," cried Mrs. Coulter, in great torture.

"'Tis too late now," exclaimed her adversaries, throwing up their hands.

A cold thrill of ominous terror now passed through Dorothy's frame. She felt she should lose the game, and, to do her justice, she felt right. In the next hand her adversaries carried every thing before them, though Dorothy performed miracles with her single trump; for she contrived to husband it up, though she might have played it twice to some advantage; and she absolutely had it in her hand as a *corps de reserve*, when it was announced to her that the said *corps de reserve* was

useless, for that she had lost the game.

Another game was to be played before the rubber could be decided, and poor Dorothy set to again, with all that perspiring anxiety which a country gentlewoman, famous for making cheese, must naturally experience when the chances of a rubber are reduced to an equality, and when she holds five to one, in hundreds, upon its events.

Hyppolita, meantime, who probably knew as little of whist as of trigonometry, but who had just sense enough to comprehend that her aunt had got into a scrape, and that every four cards she took up from the table was a favourable sign, sat eagerly watching the progress of the game.

At length it was decided. And when we inform our readers that it left Dorothy deadly pale, and with a dry throat and head-ache, we trust we may spare them the pain of reporting to which party the victory belonged.

Lord Yardlip approached her, and made his bow: "I have the honour to be your creditor for five hundred pounds," said he.

Dorothy made a gulp, before she attempted to speak; but it would not do. The state of her throat was greatly against her, and her eyes had assumed a scarlet appearance, which arose from her struggle to repress the rising tears.

"How much have we been playing for, Madam?" said Lord Catson to the

right honourable presidentess, who now joined them.

"Fifty guinea points, as usual," said she.

"Then," said Lord Catson, turning to Captain Adon, "here are a hundred guineas for you. 'Tis a rubber of two."

"And as you seem not to have money about you," said the yellow lady to Mrs. Coulter, "merely inform me of your address, and I can send to you for a hundred guineas in the morning."

Here was a new brain-blow. It served, however, to give Dorothy back her voice, and the first use she made of it was to cry out:

"Oh, Lord! Lord! that I ever came here. I am ruined and undone—ruined and undone!"

"Play another rubber, and you shall have your revenge, I promise you," said Lord Catson, in the sweetest, most persuasive tone.

"Upon my honour, and that's flat, I won't," said Mrs. Coulter, who, after the first burst of sorrow, was now going to give way to a burst of indignation. But Hyppolita took her by the arm as she stood up, and absolutely forced her from the table, and led her to the humble, but secure corner, from which she had made this fatal emigration.

While this truly good-natured idiot was exerting her artless efforts to con-

sole Mrs. Coulter, both of them were astonished and dismayed by hearing Coulter himself, who was in the midst of a crowd, at another part of the room, uttering an imprecation in the most exalted key, an imprecation which he never used but on the most frantic occasions, and which Mrs. Coulter now believed to have proceeded from his having obtained a knowledge of her disaster.

"What shall I do?" said she to Hyppolita. "He has discovered all, and he'll rage at me all the night, and take me off to the country in the morning."

"I wish we were there at this moment," said Hyppolita, her eyes filling with tears.

Another imprecation from Coulter interrupted her, and drew the attention of the whole room; and a loud rap of his knuckles upon the table decidedly proclaimed that he was not quite at his ease.

An instant after, he came running up to Mrs. Coulter, with his eyes quite inflamed, and grinning furiously.

"Here's a pretty penny gone from us at a slap!" cried he.

"My love," said Mrs. Coulter, who was now convinced that he had discovered all, "don't be angry with me; for, indeed, if you knew but all, I could'nt help it."

"Zooks, to be sure you could'nt," returned he. "Angry with you!—Egad! 'tis enough for me to be angry

with myself. But here, here, to think of losing seven hundred pounds at a slap!"

"Only six hundred, my life," interrupted Mrs. Coulter.

"Seven, upon my soul!" cried Coulter.

"'Tis false!" cried his lady.

"'Tis fact," cried her spouse.

"May I never go to bed alive!" exclaimed he, still louder, "if it an't seven hundred pounds."

"I shall run mad," said Mrs. Coulter. "The bet was five hundred pounds, and there was a hundred guineas on the rubber."

"The rubber!" cried Coulter; "you mean the throw. 'Twas dice, not cards."

"That's another falsehood," said she; "and you are a fool to believe them who told you so."

"Told me!" cried he; "nobody told me."

"Then," said she, "let me tell you now. It was at cards I played, and I only lost six hundred pounds."

"You!" exclaimed Coulter.

"That's the whole extent of my loss, indeed," said she: "so you see, my dear, the matter an't so bad as you thought it."

"By the mother that bore me! 'tis much worse," exclaimed he. "So, while I was losing seven hundred pounds, you were losing six!"

"You lose seven! you lose seven hundred pounds!" cried she, in a terrible fright.

"Six hundred! Lord bless us! you lose six hundred pounds!" cried he. "But, harkee, Madam; pack up your duds, and be off with me. Six hundred pounds!"

"Seven hundred pounds!" cried she again.

"Confound the paltry seven!" cried he: "'tis the six that vexes me."

"I could bear the loss of six with fortitude," said she, beginning to whimper; "but the seven—oh, that's a dreadful blow, indeed!"

"Blow high, blow low," exclaimed he, "we leave Lunnun town by break of day."

"You will surely settle with us first," said several of the gentlemen who had followed him from the table; and it was then that Coulter began

first to reflect that he was surrounded by listeners.

"Harkee, gentlemen," said he: "I will pay you all fairly, because I have lost fairly. And I'll answer for my wife too. Poor thing! she knows next to nothing about cards; but she's excellent at making cream cheeses. So, come, woman. Good night to you, gentlemen and ladies; and if ever I come to this here town again, I'll give you leave to duck me—that's all." And with his wife and Hyppolita, Coulter made the best of his way out of the room.

CHAPTER XIII.

BEFORE eight o'clock the next morning, Morland called at Long's, and enquired for Coulter. He was told that the family were just rising, he therefore went up stairs, and remained in the drawing-room.

He had not been long seated, before Hyppolita came down, dressed for the journey.

"I heard of your uncle's and aunt's mishap last night," said he; "and as I wish to give them some information on the subject that may prove useful to them, I have taken the liberty to call at this unseasonable hour."

"We leave town immediately after breakfast," said Hyppolita.

"So I understand," returned he.

"And do you go to America?" asked she, with an earnest look of enquiry.

"In a very few days," said he. "I have now merely called to say, that your uncle and aunt were grossly imposed upon last night; that the company in fact were notorious sharpers, and that it may be worth your uncle's while to stay a short time longer in town, as I think I can frighten the gang into returning him the money he lost there."

"You are very good, you are always very good to us," replied Hyppolita: "one seldom meets with so much dis-

interested sincerity; and, in fact, you have convinced me that men of the gay world may do kindnesses, and feel friendships, as well as those whose minds are untainted by towns, and rendered heartless by indiscriminate society."

"Now this," thought Morland inwardly, "is one of the sentences her famous tutor has taught her."

"I give you credit," said he to Hyppolita, "for having applied that sentence at the right moment, though, I fear, not to the right person."

"You think then," returned she, "that I had the sentence by rote?"

"Of course," said he: "you, no doubt, picked it up from the same

source which had before supplied you with your *critique* upon Milton."

"Let me tell you, then," returned she, "that the wisest of us all more frequently fail in applying their observations justly than in making them. Every farmer can sow corn, but it is not every farmer who understands the proper soil, and the proper season to sow it."

"Well applied again!" cried Morland, laughing heartily: "really, at this rate, you will soon become converted into a philosopher."

"From having been what?" asked she, smiling.

"Excuse me there," answered he.

"A fool, then," said she. "Now, I'll lay my life, you think that this is one

of my *lucid intervals.* Come, confess honestly."

"To be plain, then," said he, "I do think that you are sometimes inspired. And I must take this opportunity of your *lucid interval*, as you call it, to express my regret, I might almost add, my misery—at finding you sometimes, to all appearance, so sensible and accomplished, and in a moment afterwards so—what shall I say?—absent and unaccountable."

"Absent and unaccountable!" exclaimed Hyppolita, laughing: "truly, very delicate expressions, considering that you mean by them drivelling and idiotic. But, come, I am a strange compound. It is not often that I can enjoy "the feast of reason, and the

flow of soul," so pray start some topic, and I will answer you as rationally as I can."

Morland pitied her unfortunate situation, from his soul; but as she had given him a challenge to investigate her understanding, he thought it would be cruel to decline it.

"Can a poem live long," said he, "which is deficient in style?"

"Upon my word," cried she, "a most abstruse beginning to your catechism; but I rather think that it cannot. A beautiful work of poetry may be compared to a beautiful woman. Good sense may be called the health of the work, without which it cannot live, charming as its other attributes may be. But though a woman have

good health, it does not follow that she is fair; nay, we often applaud a *morbidezza*, or an appearance of sickly delicacy, as an improver of female beauty. The bloom and fine features, the grace and elegance of a work consist in its style; and therefore, though a plain woman may live long, because admiration is not necessary to her longevity, an ill-written poem cannot, because, as a poem, it cannot be admirable unless it be elegant.

"And now," continued Hyppolita, "as you have compelled me to do the most difficult thing on earth, that is, to set me avowedly and doggedly to talk sense, you must not criticise my thesis with a severe eye, nor remark that I began by shewing how a poem

resembled a woman, and ended with proving that they were not like each other at all."

"If you had even erred upon that point," replied Morland, "you yourself pointed out the error; so that, in fact, you have shewn imagination in the simile, and judgment in the sentence you passed upon it."

"Imagination and judgment!" said Hyppolita: "then it only requires that I now shew my memory, and thus prove that I am not deficient in what Bacon calls the three great faculties of the mind."

"Either you possess all of these," returned Morland, "or you are endowed, like the angel-species, with intuition, or, like the brute species, with instinct."

"Oh, then, with intuition, by all means," said Hyppolita: "for I am already an angel by courtesy, so you may keep the brutal quality for yourself."

"Thank you," replied Morland; "and I think I must add wit to your other endowments."

"And if you were to add sentiment," said she, more seriously, "you would not attribute to me more than I deserve; at least, a sentiment of gratitude towards you, who, ever since I first met you, have acted so kind, so humane, so generous a part to a girl whom you sincerely believed to be a perfect idiot."

"Could it be possible that you always were what you now seem," replied Morland, "I should either be

the most happy, or the most——But, no, it is impossible."

"What I now seem, I always am, be assured," said she.

"How!" he exclaimed; "can you then have been all this time merely personating a character?"

"Even so," replied Hyppolita.

"Pardon me, I cannot credit you," cried he.

"Well," said she, suddenly returning to a vacant look, and drawling tone, "I am heartily sorry for it; for I have got through all my lesson, and tutor is discharged; so here have I been hammering away finely at my learning, all to no sort or manner of purpose—laws me!"

"Good God!" cried Morland, quite shocked.

"Well then," said she, resuming a rational manner, "why don't you believe me at once, and prevent a repetition of idiotcy? For, in fact, I am anxious to undeceive you, since we must part so soon; and indeed I now regret that I had ever imposed upon you this fictitious character."

"Heavens!" exclaimed he, starting up; "if it should be as she says!"

"*If*,"—she repeated. "Take care, young gentleman, or I shall certainly run into my old style again. I shall give you my conversation at the opera all over again. Do you recollect? I have twice the curiosities aunt has. I have a parrot's egg that she ha'nt, and a cuckoo's egg that she ha'nt; and then comes the ostrich's egg, and the paper purses, and sycamore whistles,

and pop-guns, and a yellow coach—aye, and I'll offer to lend you another hundred pounds too."

"By my soul!" cried Morland, in an ecstasy of joy, "I am now convinced! Oh, why have you deceived me thus; nay, the whole world too? Or, are your aunt and uncle in the secret?"

"They are not, I assure you," replied she.

"But, good heaven! why this extraordinary, this unparalleled assumption of folly?" asked Morland.

"I cannot explain to you my motive at present," replied she; "and perhaps I never shall; so let me beg of you not to press me further on the subject,

or to betray my rationality to any human being."

"I promise faithfully," said he. "I feel too much flattered at being the sole depository of your strange secret to act in any manner which could lessen me in your opinion."

Here the conversation ended, for Mr. and Mrs. Coulter now made their *entrée*. Morland then communicated to them his sentiments respecting the former night's occurrence, and easily prevailed upon them to put off their journey for a few days, by affording them every hope of recovering their money.

This subject over, and breakfast brought, he accepted their invitation

to partake of it. Hyppolita still continued to play the idiot, but with less exaggeration than before; and as she did not dread the penetration of Coulter and his wife, she had an opportunity of convincing Morland still further of her talents, by contriving to cloak, under the semblance of silliness, shrewd remarks upon life and manners, and sly allusions to the secret which she had just imparted.

With infinite reluctance it was that Morland at length compelled himself to rise from his chair, for the purpose of departing; and even after that decisive movement, it cost him much time to get his hat, lean on the back of a chair, button his coat, and fairly wish

good morning. Indeed, he seemed to have set up his departure to auction; for he was going, and going, and going, a full hour before he was fairly gone.

CHAPTER XIV.

MORLAND lost no time in waiting upon Lord Yardlip, whom he found composing a pair of whiskers, and inventing different sorts of dyes for them.

"My lord," said Morland, after he had seated himself, "I wait upon your lordship for the purpose of informing you that my friend, Mrs. Coulter, is determined to resist the payment of some hundreds which you won from her last night."

"Indeed, Sir!" said Lord Yardlip: "and pray, what may be her motive

for refusing to do what every lady in her situation would think necessary, unless she would forfeit her honour?"

"I should rather not explain the motive," returned Morland: "all I would suggest to your lordship is, the expediency of your never troubling her on the subject."

"Most assuredly I shall trouble her," answered his lordship; "and, in short, if I do not receive the amount this evening, or to-morrow at farthest, I shall take such steps to compel her as may, perhaps, place her in an awkward situation to the world."

"And in that case, my lord," said Morland, "it shall be for her to return the compliment."

"How, Sir!" cried his lordship,

with that imperious air which he thought himself entitled to use, because he had never seen Morland at court, or in the *beau monde*, and whom he merely looked upon as a man of *common* honesty—"do you mean to throw any imputation on my honour?"

"That shall be according as your lordship acts," replied Morland. "If you persevere in demanding a sum of money, which you well know was lost by the machinations of a set of swindlers, you must be well aware of the heavy responsibility which will attach to you."

"And do you dare, do you presume to say, Sir, that I am a swindler?" cried his lordship. "Or is it your intention to brand a respectable

assembly of ladies and gentlemen with that appellation?"

"I merely mean to lay their proceedings before the magistrates," answered Morland, "who, no doubt, will decide whether that appellation be suited to them or not."

"I believe, young man," said his lordship, "you will find it difficult to succeed in the attempt."

"I rather think not, my lord," replied Morland: "I am perfectly well acquainted with that honourable institution. You may, perhaps, recollect its former secretary, who, you may well suppose, after his initiation there, could not be very scrupulous in keeping its secrets. I have also other sources of information, which, depend

upon it, I shall not keep long concealed from the knowledge of the police."

"But what have I to do with this institution, as you call it?" asked Lord Yardlip, now rather alarmed. "The lady who invites me thither is one of my most intimate friends, a lady of rank too; and if any thing improper *be* going forward in her house, I, at least, am unacquainted with it. I defy you to prove the reverse."

"I know your lordship's character too well," said Morland, "to inform you at present what I think of it; neither shall I waste further time in arguing the matter. I shall merely beg a decided reply to this question:— Will your lordship relinquish all right

to the sum of money which you won from my friend last night?"

"Undoubtedly not," replied his lordship: "I will not relinquish the right, but I will relinquish all idea of claiming it. Mrs. Coulter, as a lady, is entitled to my lenity; and, I rather imagine, my name being coupled with her's would do me no particular credit."

"Nothing more probable, my lord," said Morland, "than that, in such a case, the lady would have it in her power to blast your character for ever. I shall, therefore, have your permission to inform her that you decline all proceedings with regard to the money in question."

"Of course," said Lord Yardlip; "so, good morning, Sir."

"Good morning," said Morland, bowing low to the pair of whiskers that lay on the table, and departed, very well pleased with his success.

He next went round to the several gentlemen who had won Coulter's money, and made the same demand of them. They, indeed, were less inclined than Lord Yardlip to contest the matter, because they were more implicated in the conspiracy; his lordship not having much more concern with the cabal than that of patronizing them by his presence, and introducing to them persons of property and ignorance.

Morland then returned to Coulter's, and informed them of his success, at which the poor old gentleman was so

delighted, that he absolutely changed his original intention of leaving town that day, and, in fact, adjourned it *sine die*.

"But, Sir," said Coulter to him, "I should have done a still more foolish thing in leaving town than in losing my money; for, do you know, if I have lost a thousand, I have gained ten times more. Do you know, my boy, that I am in the ministry? I am under government, you dog; and, harkee, by crackins, you shall have the very first place that falls to my lot."

"I am extremely obliged," replied Morland; "but may I beg to know what place you allude to, how you procured it, and who was the donor?"

"I neither know," said Coulter, "what place it is; how I procured it; nor who is the donor. Indeed, I can tell you partly how I procured it. I gave two thousand pounds for it."

"And you don't know to whom?" cried Morland, a little amazed.

"No more than my heels," said Coulter. "But, z——ds! (and he started up with such impetuosity as to upset his chair) it was Lord Catson himself who advised me to purchase the place, and it was he who recommended me to the quaker-man. Oddzooks! I an't taken in again, am I?"

"Upon my word," answered Morland, "I begin strongly to suspect that you are. But, pray, favour me

with the particulars, and then I shall be better able to judge."

Coulter now recounted the whole story, and Morland was lost in astonishment and indignation. No time was to be lost, however; so forth he set on a second, or rather a third expedition to Lord Catson. This sprig of nobility was not at home; and though Morland called several times, he was still absent. The servant, indeed, said he expected him in every moment; but this was paying rather too high a compliment to his master's talents, as that gentleman was just then half way between London and Dover, on his route to France, whither he was going, in the hope of doubling his newly acquired capital, though a

London sharper is to a Paris black-leg in the same ratio of simplicity as Coulter was to Lord Catson.

Next morning, when all fear of pursuit was over, the servant informed Morland of his master's real destination. It was in vain, therefore, to think of doing any thing in the business at present, and poor Coulter had again determined on leaving town, till Morland, who had now an extra interest in detaining him, suggested the probability that the plot might yet be discovered, and the conspirators punished, by his remaining some time longer, making enquiries, as to the persons who owned the house where the fraud was committed, and informing the police of the whole transaction.

This line of conduct being resolved upon, Morland became an indispensable acquisition to Coulter; he therefore had many opportunities of cultivating a further intimacy with Hyppolita, and every hour he became more deeply entangled in his attachment. We need not add that this attachment was reciprocal. The reader knows the common tune of these affairs well enough, without our insulting him with the formal declaration of a piece of intelligence, which every person, who has read even no more than five hundred novels, must take for granted. Indeed, the routine of a story may, by dint of experience, be so well understood, before the first volume is half finished, that we will venture to say,

there are ladies at this instant in London, who would be perfectly competent to tell you the whole history of a romance, from beginning to end, if you only supply them with the relationships which the several characters bear to each other, the names of the principal personages, a full statement of the colour of the heroine's hair, and the general contour of the hero's person. The plot, in short, may be almost ascertained by this simple fact —has the hero an adust complexion? If so, he is jealous and violent, and will fight a duel; and will snap his mistress short, in a dignified manner, and will stand staring at her a whole night at a ball, without ever coming near her, just because she has lost her

character by getting into horrid society, whom she takes to be people of excellent hearts; and in this way the whole affair may be developed. Now, if we pique ourselves upon any particular part of this work, it is upon our having kept the reader in utter ignorance, and having abstained from giving him the most remote suspicion that our Hyppolita was not, in truth, a driveller, till we ourselves chose to illuminate him thereon. And moreover, we defy the most penetrating of our readers to discover upon what pretext, or for what purpose, she played the fool so long with her friends. At least, if any of our readers have hit upon her real motive, we do not hesitate in pronouncing him utterly unfit

for the perusal of novels; and that, we rather imagine, is the severest censure that can now-a-days be passed upon a human being, endowed with the full use of all his faculties, and favoured with that excellent education which circulating libraries afford to the rational and thinking mind of the present generation.

Through the ingenuity of the police, Bob, the marker, was soon suspected to have been the acting agent in the place-giving establishment; but not all their activity and vigilance could enable them to discover his retreat.

In the meanwhile we shall go on to recite other scenes, which occurred during this chasm, nor can we fill it up more worthily than with an ac-

count of a *conversazione* which took place at the house of the Countess de Waltz, where Morland was invited, and for which he procured cards for the Coulter family. But first a few words about the

Countess de Waltz.

This accomplished and agreeable lady is the *Enfant du Cœur* of a certain governor, who seduced her mother, at an early age, and took her from a boarding-school, making her the companion of distant and perilous voyages, whither his high rank in the navy and the service of his country led him. The partner which he had thus chosen for himself to soften the rigours of such a life behaved so invariably faithfully

and well, that it would perhaps have been no deviation from morality had he raised her to the station of wife. It was otherwise: the governor married; died some years after; and the sequel of his history, from the period of his matrimonial engagement to that of his demise, is not worth narration, or perusal. From the first connexion, which it would have been an act of retributive justice to have made wedlock (as we have stated above), sprung three or four children, one of whom is the countess, alias the dancing, alias the waltzing, alias the all-accomplished Miss.————Her only surviving brother being much attached to her, she presided with much grace, not unmingled with a zest of affectation, over his house, filled very becomingly the head

of his sumptuous and expensive table, sighed over her harp, languished at her harpsichord, and glided through the giddy *mazes* of the dance with much spirit and *tout cœur*, for of this amusement she was passionately fond; probably because she excelled in it. The great riches of her brother, who gave out his intention never to marry, naturally marked her out for the eye of cupidity; and we believe she had many admirers, or at least many offers. To her present lord, however, she gave the preference, whether because he *turned her head* (a very common thing in this libidinous dance) in the revolving figure of the waltz, or caught her eye by a fine active person, with all the capabilities of an attractive husband, we know not; but certain it is that she has been much

blamed by her own countrymen, and torn to pieces by her countrywomen, for thus bestowing her heart and hand on a foreigner. Nor as the tongue of slander been idle in casting reflections on the count, bestowing on him the epithets of opera dancer, adventurer, and the like. Stubborn and well authenticated facts prove him to be of a noble family, and a military man by profession. He is an inimitable dancer, draws prettily, has a peculiar taste for caricature, and is no contemptible horseman. As for his paternal fortune, we know nothing about it: he may, in common with a number of his countrymen, find that

"Buon' e l'amico, e buon' il parente,
"Ma trista la casa dove non se trova nicntè."

N'importe—he is recognised as a man of quality at his own court. His fair bride is now rather too *latitudinal* for tripping on *the light fantastic toe;* but we trust that her other acquirements may have due hold on his affections. She appears lively, fond, and irritable; and, from all we have been able to observe, her husband will *not* have—*a sinecure place!* We should be sorry if her love were thrown away, and rated like the attentions of country cousins, namely, kind, loving, and troublesome.

To the house of this lady Morland accompanied the Coulters and Hyppolita; and as they went thither early, they had an opportunity of observing the company as they entered.

Morland, who was well acquainted with the several characters, pointed them out to Hyppolita as they made their appearance, and gratified her highly by descriptions which, owing to her having been brought up in India, she had never the most remote idea of finding in real life.

"That lady," said he, "who is just swimming in, has the vanity to make her relations call her a duchess, though she has no more pretension to the title than Buonaparte has to the Emperorship which his little circle of dependants at St. Helena bestow upon him. Her father was a *dun* more or less all his life; and others in that capacity exercised their vocation on him. It is said, too, that he had great talents for

embellishing the public money, as Pat calls it. While abroad, his bills were protested, and he came home to his old wife, who shut her doors upon him, and ordered the *nasty promiscuous man* to an hotel.

"The whole of the family are fond of matrimony, each of the females having been married several times; but 'tis an amiable foible, so we shall not animadvert upon it."

Hyppolita here interrupted him, by begging to know who the lady was that had just entered.

"That is a true duchess," answered he. "She was once so beautiful, that, although some called her the queen of vice (not, however, in consequence of any peccadillos), others more

justly termed her the queen of love. The *Veillées du Château* were of such a nature, that it is very fortunate there were no sylphs or gnomes, or ærial beings, to give the history thereof; for there were many scenes of midnight dissipation enacted in that abode. Since that period, her drinking spouse departed this life, and his lovely widow was immediately assailed by a swarm of dandies, aides-de-camp, colonels, and private gentlemen; but time is an inveterate enemy, and

> "Si l'amour change avec le temps,
> Le temps change avec l'amour."

At length, decayed and neglected, the former fascinations of youth passed by unheeded; and however well made up,

rouged, and perfumed, she became like

—"Many a flower that's born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air."

"I see another lady," cried Hyppolita, "and in spectacles too. What an odd appendage to a full dress! I suppose they are about taking place of quizzing glasses."

"Not at all, I assure you," replied Morland. "This lady is almost solitary in her use of them, and she uses them merely for the purpose of concealing her own eyes, and of *extending her views at whist.* She was once a buxom dame, of a fine person, good skin, and remarkably beautiful hand and arm. Whether she made *a good*

hand of it or not is best known to herself, but at a rubber it is thought she did. Her *countenance* we shall say nothing of, save only what was observed in answer to a presumptuous lord, who, after the dangers of the rebellion in Ireland had ceased, and the regiment which had protected his person and property was on the eve of its departure, waited on the commanding officer, and offered him 'his countenance and protection;' the answer was, 'My lord, those pistols (hanging up) will protect me *any where;* and as for your *countenance*, I would not have it for all your estates.' Late hours and the love of play appear to be her only foibles *at present*, and her greatest merit, to have given birth to two titled dames."

"And pray who is that pale though plump young lady just sliding into the room, and seemingly half asleep?" said Hyppolita.

"That is a learned devotee to books," answered he: "she takes opium in the morning, sleeps all day, reads all night, dispatches a clothes basket regularly to the libraries on Saturday, for the following week's reading, and boasts that she has already lived longer than those who are twice her age, because the succession of her ideas is more rapid; and 'tis quantity of perception, not of vegetation, which properly constitutes the life of a rational being. And yet, even her manner of employing her life may be just as useful as that of the young lady now at the door, who amuses her-

self for nine hours a-day at the piano, to the neglect of every useful occupation."

"I am afraid, indeed," said Hyppolita, "that the present system of female education is more attractive than beneficial. Girls learn to smatter a little of every art and science, without being acquainted with any. They talk of gas, which they know nothing about, instead of enlightening and softening the heart of those men they converse with, by agreeable and feeling sentiments, to which women are so well adapted, by nature, and which, in fact, are their proper province."

"I agree with you, perfectly," said Morland: "men do not enter into the society of women to talk about the moon, and how many angles are in a

triangle, or how many miles high the atmosphere is. When I see a pair of pretty lips lisping out oxygen and hydrogen, zinc and nickel, titanium and uranium, turgesten and molybdenum, I almost expect to see them come dressed to a ball with quadrants in their heads, gallipots round their necks, and a bouquet of fossils stuck in their bosoms.—But, hold—look with reverence. There comes Mr. Perriwinkle, the atheist, who brought up an ape in the country, with the idea of making it speak and act as a human creature. He believes, with Monboddo, that apes are a species of men; and, in short, has so little reason, feeling, knowledge, or virtue, that he once went to oggerheads with a deist; and because

he was worsted in the argument, took revenge, by seducing both his daughters!"

"But, for heaven's sake! who is that whimsical old-maidenish lady," cried Hyppolita, "who has drest herself out in the extreme of last year's fashion, and who looks about for admiration, with an air that seems to say: 'I despise you all, though I condescend to come among you?"

"That is the talented, highly-endowed, always-to-be-seen, and never-enough-to-be extolled Miss Chariot, who, at the masked fête given in commemoration of the downfall of the tyrant Buonaparte, had the audacity to present a petition to the Emperor of Russia for his liberation. She is

now as great an admirer of Hunt as of Buonaparte. She is a poetess, without knowing the meaning of a synecdoche—she is a chemist, without having an idea beyond boiling physic in a crucible—she is a physician, for she nearly killed her servant with a dose of her own composing—she is—she is—in short, she will tell you herself what she is, for before she be seated ten minutes she will engross the whole conversation of the company."

Before Miss Chariot then commences her monopoly, we must beg leave to take advantage of that interval (which must needs be short) to say something of various other personages who were now in the room; and, first, of the noble

MARQUIS OF BAYARD.

This worthy nobleman derives his origin from a very ancient and powerful family; but, as we confine ourselves solely to merit, we shall not enlarge on this subject, but "speak of him as he is." We shall not descend to flattery, by stating that royal blood had commingled with that of his ancestors, nor detail the circumstance of his being second to a colonel in a duel with a duke, as one of his first exploits. Notoriety of this kind is neither meritorious, nor worthy the page of history, biography, or criticism.

His first exploits were in the field; and in the American war he proved himself an honour to his country, by a

courage and intrepidity *à toute epreuve.* In his future military life, he demonstrated talent worthy the most consummate general, particularly in a masterly retreat through the middle of the French army.

As a commanding officer, he was beloved by all ranks, and ever easy of access; and it is, therefore, much to be regretted that he was not more extensively and oftener employed. In his politics he was and is always consistent: he was never found to vary in his friendships or attachments, in his habits or sentiments, from the loss or the accession of power, from place or employment. Unlike most great men, and even the *first* man in the land, he was not

"Uno in piazza;"
"Altro in palazzo."

He was ever the same, the friend of the people, the defender of the oppressed, the support of the suffering. His liberality towards the catholics, and the interest he took to meliorate the situation of unfortunate debtors, will immortalize his memory. His contempt of riches also, except so far as they could benefit his fellow-creatures, is a rare quality in these days, and, as well as many of his peculiarities, savours of *l'ancien tems.*

He has, indeed, been accused of coldness, pomposity, and stiffness. The first he certainly does not possess, as pensioned emigrants, relieved widows, orphans rescued from want, and kindly treated soldiers, can amply testify: a

warmer heart never inhabited the human breast. As for the second charge, it is as silly as to quarrel with a man for a cast in his eye, great erectness of person, or the colour of his hair: it may truly be said of the noble marquis, *without a pun*, that he is a very *upright man*.

If he have a fault, it is an excessive love of popular favour, and of popular praise arising from philanthropy and a sincere love of the people. We cannot, however, help saying that we felt hurt at his lordship's conduct on one occasion, when, condescending very unnecessarily to dine with the most vulgar assemblage of mechanics in Edinburgh, he smiled with delight, and seemed as if

"He could have hugged the greasy rogues,"

when Snip arose, and cried—"Deel tak' a' formal toasts. I'll gie ye, *gentlemen!* my Lord *Miry*--the greatest nobleman in the *lawnd*. To this his lordship *replied at length*, and in a very rich strain of panegyric on the Scottish nation and the *guide towne of Auld Reikie*.

To counterbalance this trivial fault, we have no hesitation in saying, that, had his lordship flourished in the age of chivalry, he would have swelled a proud page of natural history, being really a mirror of knighthood, and a perfect

Chevalier sans peur, et sans reproche.

LADY CHARLOTTA.

What remains of this once beautiful woman derives its value more from the pleasures of memory than from any other source. "Time was, but will never be again," when, dressed in Grecian costume, or rather slightly attired in the style of the beautiful models of antiquity, she assimilated her nudities to their patterns, and hung her thin drapery like their elegant embracing robes, which always half exposed and half concealed the form on which it was suspended.

We have heard that her ladyship would in this spirit say, when exposing a beautiful bust with a curtain of transparent drapery falling from the

Cestus, and placing her hand somewhere about the middle—"this (from the fall of the bosom upwards) is all which is here of woman,"—meaning that a few folds of drapery constituted the remainder. How her ladyship now thinks of forms, and shapes, or whether she condescends to copy her mistress, we know not; but should her mistress, on the other hand, borrow of the lady in waiting the duties of the mother and the wife, the loan would be invaluable.

Whenever we recollect what Lady Charlotta was, we cannot help remembering the *odd* lines of an obsolete author—Ben Johnson.

Ha' you seen a fair lily grow,
Before rude hands had touch'd it?
Ha' you marked the fall of the snow,
Before the soil had smutch'd it?

Ha' you felt the skin of the beaver,
Or the swan's down ever;
Or smelt the sweets o' the briar,
Or the nard in the fire;
Or tasted the bag o' the bee?
Oh! so white, oh! so soft, oh! so sweet was she.

THE DUKE OF SUCCESS.

This worthy character has of late become a *fishmonger;* and it must be allowed that his speeches have *savoured* a good deal of the shop. By others he has been called the Italian, and by some the smoking duke.

We must allow that he would not have made a bad alderman; nor do we deny that he likes to moisten his clay, and has no objection to a fat woman, a pleasant song, and a cigar. He himself can join in a glee, sings a

beefsteak song, and will beat a quarter-master of Hussars at a pipe. As for his singing, as Paddy says, "Arrah! let him *alone* for that;" and if he does smoke, it is not "fumum a fulgore."

Under all these trifling defects, Citizen Success, the poorest and most neglected of his race, wears a heart which far eclipses the star that glitters on its exterior—a true English heart, where kindness, liberality, charity, and a love of the people, are deeply rooted—a kindness which all who know him will vouch for; a liberality which the Catholics will never forget; that true common-sense justice, which says *fair play's a jewel*—

"*Tros, Tyrinsoe mihi millo discrimine*," &c.
VIRGIL.

that charity for which the orphan, the widow, the blind, the sick, and the poor, bless him daily; that love of the people which has made him unpopular with his own blood, but which his brother masons, and all his brethren under the head of humanity, will remember till time be no more.

Without a regiment, a government, a command, and often without coin in his coffers, the duke is beloved by all who are acquainted with him, and abused only by the ambitious and the ill-minded.

SIR FRANCO RASHLY.

If a man were appointed to a government in India, or to a professorship of Hebrew, and it were said of the one that he was an excellent pastry-cook, and of the other that he was a great breeder of cattle, one would naturally inquire if the former did not know the local history of the country, and the habits and manners of the people, and if the latter had not learned the language which he professed to be master of; and if we were answered in the negative, we should proclaim both as impostors. Thus it is with the baronet: no very great lapse of time has passed since a certain chevalier saw him at Florence, or Naples, *n'importe*. He

was a seemingly simple, mild young man, and fond of dress. Since that he married; but being the cat's paw of a party, he chose to take a lead, and he has involved himself in expense and debt.

The late Reverend Mr. Horn was his tutor, and made him his tool. Subtle and crafty beyond measure, and gifted with transcendent abilities, he felt that he had sunk in the political horizon, never to rise again; that he was without fortune, or consideration; and that he wanted support from every hand. He had already made Sir Franco a good Greek scholar, and he had no need to make him vain of his abilities. He accordingly taught him as much of politics as suited his purpose, put

speeches into his mouth, and enabled him to make a very decent appearance in the House. But it was always observed that the speech surpassed the reply, and the reply eclipsed the rejoinder; and if replies, duplies, and rejoinders multiplied, it was all *bathos*. The reader need not be told why. Hudibras explains it in two lines:

> "Much thou hast said which I know when
> And where thou stol'st from other men."

The tutor died, and with him the orator: the politician never existed. With an assumption of *amor patriæ*, he has never evinced any love but that of party, and particularly of self. With a shew of humility, he is proud in the extreme: the courter of popularity can

be a tyrant in his own family: the friend of the people never opened his lips against the Corn Bill: and he now hangs back, instead of employing one hundred labourers, that distress may increase, and that he may laugh at the people's sufferings, or infuriate them to revolt.

If this be a patriot—if this be a politician, we shall say, with old Horace:

"Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulis *odi*."

LORD OCTAVE.

All hail, Macduff!—This mixed character is fuller of kindness and unfeelingness, benevolence and folly, than almost any one we ever knew. Con-

tradictions are sown so thick in his composition that it would take more than our limits afford to detect or to follow them.

Brave, yet effeminate; weak, yet not devoid of talent; an excellent soldier, yet delighting in rioting and chambering, in vegetating with vicious foreigners, and in enervating his whole system by the loose course of his life; John Bull in appearance, yet a foreigner in adopted manners; a patriot at heart, yet slave to all the signoras, the dancers, the tumblers, the quacks, the squallinis, and whiskered Dons; *Signor muy paderoso* echoing from Spanish servants, barbers, panders, and parasites in every corner of his habitation; with a hoop ring of some *Querida* on

his finger; harnessed with the chains and pictures of frail strangers, yet with the pipe of the German in his mouth, and as stout a son of Bacchus as any fox-hunter or publican in the three kingdoms; the automaton of his prince, ever at his beck; unfeeling to his host of suffering tradesmen, languishing on account of their heavy demands, yet generous beyond all bounds to demi-reps and broken gentry; his beardless countenance announcing something more than chastity and continence, yet the most decided ultra votary of Venus in the world; dissipated to an incredible pitch, yet the best husband and brother that can be imagined; faithful to the memory of a departed wife, yet the most versatile, faithless lover ever

known; good in private life, yet blazoning and publishing his passions in the front of day; his curricle the rallying point of prostitutes, his arms the standard of Cyprians, and his house the haunt of vice; but his eye is not the index of his soul, nor is his vacant face the true representative of his mind.

Vanity and fashion have seduced him; but in him Lavater would be mistaken, and Hamlet would be right; for he "has within what far surpasseth shew," and for the very same reasons (so at variance in some points are appearance and reality) that the heart does not keep the promise we had from the eye. But leaving his lordship's mental qualifications, we must conclude with an illustration of his

personal ones, by stating that *the Jackey* having been asked by a certain duchess what he thought of Lord Octave's magnificently embroidered pantaloons—"Think?" said Jackey—"why that it looks like 'much ado about nothing."

M. LE DUC.

In the human race, as well as in states, there is a rise, a progress, and a decline; and never was this truth more obvious than in the person of Le Petit Duc. This *digne descendant d'un grand homme* looks as much like a journeyman tailor or shoemaker as any individual we ever beheld. This shoot from the illustrious stock of *le bien*

aimé has nothing of the warrior or the courtier in his appearance—*rien de tout cela*, as the French say themselves. Looking further back to the saint, the Duc is as like a saint as a windmill is like a cathedral.

Mean in exterior, blunt and repulsive in manner, loose and groveling in desires, his youth was consumed in unimproving exile, and his midnight revels were passed with a Miss H—— of Edinburgh, and a Madame C—— in London. One of these ladies of his choice was of so *popular a turn* as to have shared the embraces of prince and peasant, of court and cobler; by another his dukeship has a family; and by the third, we believe, a dispute or law-suit on account of a

bond for some thousands payable on the restoration, given probably without an idea that that circumstance ever would occur. There was also once in this lady's hands, from the donor, a service of plate, which it is said she returned; but this we very much doubt, although she has her moments of *emportement*, as many lords and commons can vouch, and as her King's Bench favourite can also testify; yet she wants not generosity, as *he* well knows, and is not unacquainted with *l'art de plaire.*

Having exposed the alloy in this duke's composition, we must in justice acknowledge that he is personally brave, charitable, and kind-hearted; and it is probably a want of reading

in those valuable hours of adversity which he has lost, pride which precluded imitation whilst abroad, and there being nothing to imitate at home in the base degraded age which overclouded his country at the moment of his return, that have been the causes of the deficiency of culture in an honest soil; for such is the bosom of this personage. To be surrounded on one hand with doating worn-out emigrants, and on the other with upstart titled regicides and plunderers, brazen fronts crowned with laurel, and tiger hearts which have rejoiced in murder, supported tyranny, and gloried in sacrilege, is not calculated to light up a gracious smile, nor to smooth the mild brow of gentle and amiable politeness.

MR. BELLAIR.

We have already introduced this gentleman into notice, but think we have not sufficiently delineated him.

Humbly born, and worse bred (such is the caprice of fashion), Mr. Bellair *swelled* into consequence on the stage of life. An ill attended to education at Eton prepared his way into the army. The affability of a good-natured prince distinguished a well-dressed young man: he was, however, neither one of the *elegant extracts* (for he did not remain long enough to be turned out), nor was he of the prince's *mixture*, for at the present moment his royal highness values him not a pinch of snuff, nor would he mix him with

the *sharp Scottish*, the *Irish blackguard*, or even common Strasburgh.

Bellair was in short a self-created man of consequence, and contrived to be followed by a parcel of *Dii minorum gentium:*—i. e.—by weaker and equally coxcomical men. Hence he got *yclept* the king of the dandies; of which denomination there are many—a black, a red, a dancing, a singing, a commercial, and a dandy lion; each a non-such *sui generis*, but such as even Pidcock or Polito would not purchase, nor could make money of.

The king, however (self-created, like Christophe, who is a sovereign of an immense population, being chief of the *blackguards)*, is a *towering* genius, whose superlative talent has been how

to find out the best tailor, the best breeches maker, and the best stay-maker, in the vast metropolis of London; how to *put on his things* better than any other man; how to invent a cut for a waistcoat or a collar for a coat; and whose profound researches have enabled him, after divers shapes, forms, and *monstrosities*, in the way of huge cravats, to discover "*that starch is the man*;" and that—that—and that alone can bolster up an affected countenance to the best possible advantage.

What merit his majesty must have had to have thrust himself into the first circles, to have led the ton, and to have been the companion of the most illustrious personage in the kingdom,

whose friendship, as we have before hinted, his impertinent familiarity lost. Strange to tell, his sole merit was *the merit of dress*, unaided by birth, or any one other recommendation.

MR. LITTLE.

"Te decedente die, te incipiente."

Whether this device be bestowed on the poet and lover in question on account of his origin, his sire being a vender of *tea*—vulgarly called a grocer; or whether they are addressed to him because the *thou* of the motto is the lover of *thee*, and that *love* and *self*, alias *self-love*, forms an enormous compound in that little mixture which (in the shape of his songs and poems) is

taken morning and evening by the lovers of romance and the chaunters of melodies, we know not; but it was given him by a countryman, and it appears appropriate enough.

The celebrity of his works needs no remark. His elegance of translation displayed in the Odes of Anacreon (all former ones appearing vulgar and literal) stands equally on record; but if we were asked whether this task of rendering more beautifully than any former translator, gross, sensual, and often vile passions and sentiments, were not a *difficult* task, we would add with the *great* Johnson, who said of an arduous chromatic piece of music, when asked if he admired it—"No, verily." "You must allow that it is

extremely *difficult.*" "So much so that I could have wished it impossible."

The bursts of patriotism of this delightful bard are certainly worthy of a greater body than himself; but the vein of bold obscenity, of smoothly flowing poisonous principles which his dangerous compositions instil into young minds—the familiarizing infidelity and seduction, the frailty and derilection of all moral principle to the juvenile heart of both sexes, is a national crime which deserves the highest censure. It is odious to see the wanton miss of fifteen melt over her harp or her harpsichord, and roll her languishing eye *à la Little;* and it is equally subversive of all order and decorum to witness sapling fops lisping

these sounds into the virgin ear, and smiling at the favourable reception which they meet with.

We shall conclude by saying, that though excellence as a classic gave him weight at Trinity College, Dublin, his intrinsic value is not sufficient to warrant his ingratitude for royal favour, nor the overflowings of malice and bile in the production of a *two-penny post-bag*, which, for his sake, we could have wished had remained at the *dead letter office*.

Every one had now arrived; but we must defer our account of the interesting *transactions* of this fashionable assembly till our next volume.

END OF VOL. II.

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